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THE SAINT OF GLENDALOUGH.

St. Kevin, Enshrined in the Hearts of Irish People.

THEIR LOVE OF HOME.

Their three-fold Characteristics are Singing, Sermonizing and Story-telling.

St. Kevin of Glendalough is familiar to almost every Catholic in Ireland; and for this reason everybody in Ireland knows something either of his name or of his holy life, be that something ever so small or fragmentary. And this general fact arises from everybody hearing of that something either by way of a pleasant song or whilst listening to a beautiful sermon, or, it may be, whilst giving ear or eye to some well told story, writes Rev. James Manning P. P. in the Wexford People. These three methods—the song, the sermon and the story—have ever been the unfailing means of acquiring all manner of knowledge with the children of Erin. The Irish are noted the world over for their attachments to home, to church and to country. They have deep down in their hearts feelings for each of these—affection for kindred, devotion to religion and loyalty to the land of their sires. In a nation like ours the exponents and the sustainers of these feelings are the songs of the people, the sermons of the church and the stories or relations of history. Every Irish Catholic then, as a matter of course, is possessed of this three-fold characteristic, which is inbred, so to say, in the very fibre of his soul. And as a simple, but certain consequence—the Irish as a people will always be fond of singing, of sermonizing and of story telling. Look at, then, as a common every day experience, open to us all, whether gentle or simple, thus to hear our holy Kevin's name mentioned and spoken of in this threefold way, times and times again—is it any wonder that our great saint's name should be familiar and an everliving one amongst us in this sweet green Isle of Erin? Yea! is it any wonder that that same holy name should be a famous and an undying one in other countries as well?

For ages, then, and for centuries, has Kevin lived, enshrined in the hearts of the people. The literature of the land has immortalized him at every period and in every form of its growth. Poetry has made him the theme after theme of her sweetest effusions. And history teems with testimonies as to Kevin being the saint of Glendalough, the saint of Erin and Great Britain, and the saint of all the ages of the church since the first dawns of religion's light over this western world. It would be an endless task to quote all the poems that speak expressively of our saint. We shall, then, rather confine ourselves to the work of adducing some, or a few, of the evidences of him in the pages of history.

History, as is known, is both ecclesiastical and national. According to the first, Kevin's name and fame are resplendent in the annals of the Catholic church. And in our own Irish church in particular, both these have been faithfully honored and venerated, century after century, till the present time. Moreover in the bright catalogue of our country's saints, Kevin's holy name may be seen to occupy third or fourth place. According to national history, if we but glance through the story of Ireland, we'll easily find that our dear saint's name was famed and as familiar there as in the records of the church, and just

as pre-eminent, compared with his contemporaries, the then mighty ones of the world, the kings and the chieftains of old Erin. In reading those eventful pages of the early days of our Christian era, we'll also find that the mere mention of Kevin's name will awaken in our minds many memories of pride and many memories of renown—memories of pride because of the brilliant sanctity and high perfection to which our saint attained in his long and laborious life; memories of renown because of the marvellous share and the conspicuous lead he took in the spreading of religion throughout ancient Leinster and the other provinces in the sixth and seventh centuries. The history of these two centuries in particular assures us that Kevin became the father and the ruler of hosts of monks, and the founder of countless monasteries besides the monastery of Glendalough. He also became the father and guide of most of the kings and chiefs and clans of Ancient Leinster. And these chiefs, and kings and clans, even after the lifetime of the saint, persevered for ages under the holy sway of Glendalough, a faith clearly evidenced by the long existing, but now, alas! long past diocese of that name. For centuries, too, after Kevin's own glorious days, his own holy name was a cherished one all through the land. 'Twas loved and revered by the high and lowly. It was taken commonly in baptism by the tribesmen, and worn just as proudly by their rulers. The monk in his cell paid his tribute of homage to this sweet name, because the glorified Kevin was his founder on earth and his patron in heaven. The nun, too, in her cloister joined in the daily tribute, because even to her Kevin was a bright guide in the ways of sanctity, and a powerful protector in the brighter realms to which she was aspiring. Thus we can see that in these bright ages of religion and of country, the triple instinct of the Celtic heart is able to bloom forth, and did bloom forth, in unmeasured fulness, while rendering fervently in Kevin's memory the three-fold tribute of love and devotion and homage.

For the present, passing over the middle ages, and just glancing at the dark ages; or at the penal times—those dire days for Erin, when the dark sorrow lay on the land like a pall, and dismal suffering had to be endured by the people because Catholic and Celtic! The history of those times tells us that the persecuted forgot not, in their sorest distress, to invoke the saints of heaven, and brightest among them our own glorious Kevin of Glendalough! Even in these, our own modern days—days of piping peace and of sunny liberty, as they are—we, as their successors and descendants, are but striving to continue and pass on the noble traditions of such noble ancestors. Degenerate, indeed, and recreant would we be, if we did not manifest in some degree the national instincts of these ancestors—instincts which we now possess fully and freely, and as the grandest heritage of our race. But, no, thank God! we are neither degenerate, nor recreant, nor false. Our hearts to-day are as warm and as loving, as devoted and loyal to St. Kevin as in Erin's balmy and best days. Ireland to-day, though not the Ireland of the chiefs and the tribes, as of yore, still honors and prizes the virtues and the miracles of St. Kevin. Here, too, in Leinster, half of which, as before noted, formed the primeval diocese of Glendalough, there subsists the olden grath and the olden devotedness for the holy Kevin, while in Wicklow county itself, the region of the saint's nativity, there still survives the memory of Kevin's life and Kevin's labors, and this memory is as green and as fresh and as perennial as in the ages long gone by.

MGR. CAPEL ON CONSCIENCE.

Its Supremacy Over All the Acts and Affairs of Life.

INFLUENCE IN EDUCATION.

Conscience of which we speak is not a Faculty of the Soul, but an act of Judgment.

The Ten Commandments and the precepts of the Gospel constitute the principles of Christian morals. They are the law taking precedence of all others. The codes of human legislators must never be in opposition to these. On them are we to fashion our lives, to them are we to conform our conduct. In other words, the good they command we must do, and the evil they prohibit we must avoid. On the fulfillment of the law depends true lasting peace of mind here on earth, and happiness or misery after death for ever and ever. To no other doctrine of the Christian faith does Holy Scripture witness more clearly and explicitly. Of course all this is in strong contrast to the fictitious standard of right and wrong doing set up by the world of fashion or by the emotional fads of society.

To man is granted free will—that is the power or faculty of free choice, of determining its own acts. This free will is of itself blind and receives its sight or vision from knowledge obtained through the intellect. Hence it follows that to obey the commandments of the Lord we must know them. He who in infinite wisdom proclaimed His law to mankind established on earth likewise a body of expositors of such law to whom He promised divine assistance till the end of time. Through these a true knowledge of Christian morals is disseminated in the world to individuals.

Over and above this knowledge of general principles, every individual has to apply this law to his own particular acts. This is done by conscience. Conscience of which we speak is not a faculty of the soul; nor is it an act of judgment, a practical dictate of the understanding, which arguing from the law of morals pronounces that something in particular here and now has to be avoided because it is evil, or has to be done inasmuch as it is good. It is the interior voice which pronounces sentence in a particular case, declaring it to be conformable or contrary to law. To all intents and purposes conscience is, to borrow a phrase from logic, the conclusion of a syllogism. For instance: 'It is prohibited to injure my neighbor's reputation' (the major premiss taught by the divine law); to publish a certain secret which I know concerning my neighbor would certainly injure my neighborhood (the major premiss being something I am inclined to do); therefore it would be wrong; sinful for me to divulge such secret (the conclusion constituting conscience.) Plainly it is an act of the intellect presented to the will whereon its freedom of choice is to be exercised.

Man wishes for happiness; but unhappily since the fall of our first parents we are born in ignorance and liable to error; worse still, there is malice in our will with inclination to all evil rather than to good. Add to these inherited wounds, the further weakness consequent on our indifference to religion and our own wrong doing, and it will be readily perceived that unless strenuous efforts aided by the grace of God be made, sensual pleasure, honors and riches will be preferred and sought after instead of the everlasting happiness which God has in store for

those who keep his precepts.

Conscience has therefore to be formed from the earliest dawn of intellect by instruction and meditation of the divine law and by acts of virtue to strengthen the will. At all times throughout life, we are bound to take all reasonable means to learn accurately our Christian duties. Should reasonable doubt arise for suspecting that our conscience is erroneous there is a strict obligation to become better informed. The ordinary means for this are consultation with the authorized expounders of Christ's teaching as well as with men of known goodness, careful meditation on God's word, and above all earnest prayer for light from above.

Under all circumstances be it remembered we are never allowed to act contrary to conscience. But we must not, indeed we cannot, always follow its inspiration. So long as the individual genuinely believes the Roman Catholic Church to be what enemies describe her to be, so long must the individual refuse to submit to her authority. But how such belief can be held in face of the statements of the Gospel of the present facilities of learning her true teaching, of the numerous learned men born in her bosom or who enter her from other communions, is a responsibility which the individual alone can explain. Like "Saul breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." Such a misinformed person will have to be asked "why persecutest thou me?"

In the last place no power ecclesiastical or civil can make it right and lawful to attempt to force a man to do that which his conscience unhesitatingly condemns as wrong. The whole difficulty about Catholics and the public school question rests, on this. They believe that it is as much the duty of parents to educate their children as it is to feed, clothe and nurture them. They further believe that instruction alone is not education, but that the child's head and heart, or intellect and will, must both be trained—the heart needing it more than the head. Both, they hold, should go on simultaneously. And while this is necessary to all, it is specially needed for the children of those who have but little time to spare from hard toil. Such parents look to the school to supply what cannot be done by them at home. There religious practices, religious motives, can be added to religious instruction. Believing this, conscience makes them refuse to accept mere secular instruction. They are desirous to have all the 'ologies demanded by the State taught in their schools. This conscientious conviction leads to the injustice they suffer and feel of paying not only taxes for the public schools, but also the further payment for supporting their own.

According to Hoffman's Directory, the strongest sisterhood in this country is the Franciscan, which has including postulants, about 5,000 members. The sisters of Notre Dame come next, with 4,000 nuns, counting as one all the different branches of the order; and then follows the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Sisters of Charity, each about 3,500 strong, and the Sisters of Mercy 3,000. In addition to these communities, there are about fifty other sisterhoods represented in the United States. The strongest sisterhood, the Franciscan, leads in hospital work. The Sisters of Notre Dame stands at the head of the list as educators, having over 130,000 children in their schools and academies. Next to them come the Sisters of St. Joseph, with 80,000 pupils; the Franciscans, 75,000 and the Sisters of Mercy, 55,000. The Notre Dame and Franciscan Sisters are strongest in the centre and western states.

IS A UNION POSSIBLE?

The Holy Father Preparing an Appeal to the Anglicans.

EFFECTS OF HIS MESSAGE.

The Most Marked Encouragement Received from the United States and England.

"Innominato" writes from Rome to the New York Sun as follows: The apostolic letter *Præclara*, of which I had the honor to speak to you before it appeared, has made an impression on all intelligent minds almost as of a new gospel. It has resounded throughout the intellectual world like a letter of St. Paul. From all regions where dwells the thought of social and religious harmony faith has echoed back the apostolic wish of His Holiness. With an eagerness arising from long-delayed hopes, Leo XIII. has tried to ascertain what mark his appeal has made on men's souls. For this document, with which he has been busied for a whole year, is the summing up, the culminating point of a reign in which he has shown many thoughts that have a future. Open to every wave of thought of the country, to its wailing as well as to its shouts of joy, its despondency as well as its optimism; bold as a hunter of souls, and tender as a woman; always ready to unite, to conciliate and to heal; a historical personage who, like all great men, wishes to leave a name in history and make humanity take one step further in the path of right and truth; Leo XIII. keeps rigidly bent over mankind to listen to the beatings of its heart. He knows the malady of the age, and hopes to cure it. Neither sacrifices nor labor daunt his iron soul. The dalmion of Socrates breathes in him; he will not rest from his giant's toil till he lies under the cold slabs of St. John Lateran.

It is from England and the United States that Leo XIII. has received the most encouragement. From Germany, where Lutheranism is gasping out its last breath, the echo from men's hearts was not so loud. The Anglican church had not waited for this call for union to seek the points where it was in touch with Roman Catholicism. For some time high thinking minds had entered into communication with Latin theologians, having in view the clearing of the way for a closer connection.

A French priest, under the pseudonym Balbus, had raised the great question of the validity of Anglican ordination. Though his conclusion was that it was not valid, his language was so sympathetic, he showed the possibility of a compromise in practice so reasonable, that the high dignitaries of the Anglican church took notice of his pacifying work. It is worthy of notice that the Catholic press and theological science gave this essay a most flattering reception. Soon the *Nouvelles* Monitor of Rome published a study by Abbe Duchesne, professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris, in which that celebrated critic concluded that Anglican orders were valid. Being published by an organ of the Vatican, the article made a sensation. The heads of the Anglican church and the newspapers have looked on this work as significant and a happy omen.

The commotion has not been fruitless. I know that parleys, that exchanges of opinion have taken place between Anglicans and Catholics. The Pope, very eager for all news concerning it, had a well informed person come to Rome in order that he might find out all

that was said, done and proposed. Startled by what he learned, and by these new currents of thought, he began a broad inquiry into the manner of entering into relations with the Anglican church. From this inquiry will come a document in the form of a special appeal to Englishmen separated from Rome.

In a matter so delicate when the slightest misunderstanding might put an end to this prelude to an agreement, I should not like to express an opinion, which might be a bold guess. I am a mirror, not a judgment seat. I relate only; I draw no conclusions. But what I know is that the nobles minds, the most startling characters on either side are watching the course of this episode with intense interest. It is now two centuries since any voice in any camp has been able, or has dared, to make an appeal for the reconciliation of the opposing forces. It seemed as though the religious commonwealth, if I may use a phrase which belongs to a different order of things, had become a desert. All long contests bring with them long alliances, and this long silence of Christian hearts has been a mystery, a strange fact; one of those lapses from the ideal which history shows us occur at the beginning of all great moral revolutions. Hatred, misunderstandings, the rabies theological, polemical writings, doctrinal differences, the divergencies in service, have worn an impassable gulf between the churches where Christ is worshipped. This silence or this struggle has brought to our century an exhaustion of the religious element in its social organization, and the moral atrophy is one of the causes of national, political and economic disruption. With knowledge of this wasting away of the blood of christianity, isolated cries have been uttered which were swept away in the whirl of public opinion, and buried under the icy breath of indifference. To lift and rend a century's shroud there was need of a central man, of what Taine in his psychology of letters calls "the representative of the surroundings." There was need of a genius who could captivate the imaginations of men, and who at the same time had delegated to him an extraordinary authority that could overcome the combination of all prejudices and the conjunction of all opposition. That man is Leo XIII. A comprehensive intellect in every breath from without, a conciliating and pacifying Pontiff, open to every generous thought, to every beneficent plan, he has thought that he has seen in the souls of good men the desire of unity. The crumbling away of systems, the scattering of moral forces, the need of a renewal of the ideal, the intellectual and religious poverty from which we suffer; the uneasiness with which we watch the storm clouds on the horizon, have these not influenced the almost heroic will of the Vates of the sacred mount? What will be the Pope's offer to the Anglicans? The near future will reveal that. What is certain is that Leo XIII. will not demand blind submission or the sacrifice of the intelligence.

Joseph McCarthy, in a recent letter, says: "The desire for Home Rule is absolutely inextinguishable among the Irish people. The carrying of Home Rule means ascertain as any thing in human affairs can be—as certain, let us say, as the rising of to-morrow's sun." Now let those who talk so much about the Home Rule cause having been sold out, shut up."

Happy is the man whose life is one long Te Deum! He will save his own soul, but he will not save it alone, but many others also. Joy is not a solitary thing, and he will come at last to his master's feet bringing many others rejoicing with him, the resplendent trophies of his grateful love.—Faber.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Items of Catholic Interest from all Sections.

The name-day of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has been commemorated by a service in the national German Church of St. Maria dell' Anima at Rome, Mgr. De Nekere, titular Archbishop of Melitene, pontificated. Mgr. Sembravotti and Sogaro were present, and Cardinals Ranipolla, Segna, and Steinhilber assisted in heart.

The Chapter General of the Congregation of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales assembled at Anney has elected Superior-General, in substitution of the late Father Tisson, Father Eugene Gorgon, actually Director of the Seminary of Vizagapatam, which the missionaries founded eight years ago in the Indies.

A Madonna, attributed to Raphael, has been discovered in the recent restoration of San Lorenzo at Verona. The painting was found among the lumber, and together with it was picked up an altar piece, the work of the Veronese painter, Niccolò Giolfinio.

A dispatch to the London Chronicle from Rome says that news has been received at the Vatican of the destruction of several mission stations in China. The inmates, it is said, were killed and other Christians are menaced. The Vatican will appeal to the powers for the protection of its missions and missionaries in China.

News has reached Rome that at Garpartadna, in Bengal, over eighty Protestants have lately become Catholics. Conversions have also taken place in other districts.

It is stated that His Holiness will (says Reuter) shortly address a special appeal to the clergy of the Anglican Church on the subject of reunion.

It is said that the Encyclical to the Bishops of the United States will be printed and published at Washington, in order that incomplete and incorrect summaries of it may not appear in the newspapers.

A splendid picture of the Pope and the sixty-three Cardinals composing the actual Sacred College has been executed by the photographer, De Federici, and has elicited the warmest encomiums from His Holiness. It is really a most interesting historical record of the chief living luminaries of the Church.

Mgr. Ferrata, Apostolic Nuncio in France, has arrived in Paris from Rome.

The Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See, Senor Merry del Val, has arrived from Madrid at Rome, and is bearer of instructions relative to relations between the Church and State in Spain.

The Russian Minister to the Holy See, Iswolski, is back in Rome, and will be joined in a week or so by Saxony, Sec. etary of Legation.

The action of M. Bourgeois, formerly a contractor and builder of the Lourdes church, against Emile Zola and his publishers, was called for trial in Paris on the 24th ult. but was postponed by mutual consent until December 19. Probably it will be settled meantime. The cause for the action was given in Zola's novel, "Lourdes."

It is to be hoped that the rumor is exaggerated which says that the scholarly rector of the Catholic University, Monsignor Keane, is in danger of losing his eyesight. Such a calamity would be widely deplored, for there is no question but what Bishop Keane has contributed more than any other single individual to the notable measure of success the Washington university has attained during the brief period of its existence. His resignation of his post would create a vacancy which the trustees would find it very difficult to fill adequately; and for his own sake, as well as for that of the university, it is to be trusted this rumor will not prove correct.

One of the obstacles in the way of that reconciliation of the separated Oriental churches with Rome which the Holy Father is trying to effect is the contrary influence exerted by some of the European powers that have interests in the East. France, despite her Catholic traditions, is an offender in this regard, and it seems that this influence is now being exerted against the Holy See, as the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople notified the Vatican the other day that, in conse-

quence of opposition that had arisen, he would be obliged to defer until later in the year the visit in furtherance of that reconciliation that he expected to make to Rome this month.

An appeal that differs from the usual run of the ones he receives is that addressed to Monsignor Satolli by the Servite fathers of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Chicago, who protest against a division of their parish that has recently been made by Archbishop Feehan. Father Baldi, the superior of the Servites in this country, who is located at this church, says the parish has already been divided three times, and avers that if this latest division stands the church will not be able to support itself, as it will leave only the poorest people in the parish within its limits. The case has been forwarded to the apostolic delegate for settlement.

Bishop Hennessey of Wichita, questioned by the New York Voice whether he had ever given any instruction to his flock regarding the liquor traffic, facetiously but very effectively replied as follows: "As Kansas is a prohibition state we are supposed to have nobody engaged in the liquor trade, and no need, therefore, for special legislation in our diocese for that class of merchants. Our people are sadly in need of water, and any movement tending to supply that kind of liquor will receive our hearty endorsement."

The Catholics of France continue to subscribe over \$15,000 a month for the completion of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre.

One hundred bishops in various parts of the world and 4,000 churches are leagued with the Montmartre church in the practice of the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Holy Father will hold another consistory in the month of December next. Several very important changes will be made in the hierarchy.

The Very Rev. Bon venture Frey, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Yonkers, has been elected American Provincial of the Capuchin Order. For the future he will reside at the monastery at Detroit.

The creation of a legation of the Argentine Republic to the Holy See is affirmed to be immediately expected.

Rev. Thomas Murphy, S. J., formerly rector of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, England, is dead.

THE COURT OF INQUIRY.

General Dimond's Report Sustained by its Findings.

Ever since the memorable movement of the National Guard at Sacramento on the Fourth of July, there has been a constant division of opinion as to the responsibility for the failure to "capture the depot." General Dimond, as the commander of the National Guard, in his report to the Governor, issued soon after, dwelt in detail upon the various incidents of that and subsequent days, and showed that the responsibility for the failure rested on shoulders other than his.

As a necessary result of this report, a court of inquiry was held, which entered into an exhaustive inquiry, to determine the various questions arising out of it, and at the same time determine if possible in whom censure should lie.

After several weeks of patient listening to the testimony of all concerned, a report was formulated and presented to the Governor. This has recently been published and is quite a lengthy document. It enters into all the details, and places the blame where it properly belongs. It, however, sustains the position assumed by General Dimond in his original report, and shows, that as commander of the forces, he did all in his power for the proper care and handling of the men under him. That a massacre was averted on that day by his actions is plainly evident by reading the full report of the court of inquiry. That some of the other officers in charge of the divisions of troops were not as prompt in obeying orders as they should be, is also made evident, and consequently the blame for the failure of the troops to enter the depot on that day does not rest on the shoulders of General Dimond.

His term as Major-General of the National Guard will expire in a short while and it must be gratifying to Gen. Dimond to know that in the most important movement during the many years he has been identified with our State militia, his actions are sustained after a searching and thorough investigation.

OUR GREAT OFFER.

Brief Summary of an Unparalleled Premium Offer.

We have received numerous letters during the past week in reference to our premium offer, and for the benefit of subscribers who desire to take advantage of its terms reiterate it this week.

For those who send us \$4.65, we will send a magnificent crayon portrait, entitled a True Likeness of Our Savior, framed in a three-inch oak frame, with handsome passepartout, already boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and a copy of this paper for one year. This offer is limited, and those who desire to obtain this magnificent picture should order it at once.

Our second offer is for \$1.50 and 10 cents, to pay postage, to send you a copy of this paper for one year, and an elegantly printed map of Ireland, size, 2 1/4 x 4 feet, printed in twelve colors. The retail value of this map alone is \$1.50, so you practically get this paper for nothing.

For our third offer we will on receipt of \$1.00 send you the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for three months and execute for you a crayon portrait, size 17x14 inches, in the highest style of the art. These pictures are superior to any yet offered, and will warrant the closest study. As the price of the paper for three months is 40 cents, the picture, therefore, will only cost 60 cents, but will not be supplied to any but subscribers. Cut a coupon from the paper, enclose \$1.00 in coin, money order or stamps, with your photograph. If the picture is not satisfactory your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Address all orders to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, room 10, Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

The New Monthly.

Some time ago mention was made in these columns of the proposed publication of a new Catholic monthly, to be known as The Catholic Record. Thos. J. O'Neil, who has charge of the new venture, will issue the first number about the 15th inst. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year. Mr. O'Neil is an earnest worker, and has already secured a large subscription list. He promises furthermore to give a newsy and readable paper. We bespeak for the Record a cordial welcome.

Convent Schools.

Why do some Protestant and Hebrew parents send their daughters to convent schools? In order that their innocence may be safeguarded while their mind is being educated. That is the answer. The parents know well the dangers that surround their girls in secular schools and fashionable boarding colleges; they know also that in the Sisters' care their darlings will be kept from evils. Forbidden knowledge will be closed to them. Dangerous books will not be allowed in their hands. Improper amusements will be prohibited. The love of virtue will be inculcated. Purity will be revered. Obedience will be made a habit. Truthfulness will be deemed indispensable. Industry will be honored in the practice. By example as well as precept, goodness, gentleness and gracefulness will be taught.

Treasures of the Catacombs.

In the catacomb of St. Pricilla at Rome a picture of the Blessed Virgin painted on the wall and a series of pictures referring to the Eucharist and representing the faithful in the act of receiving communion were laid bare by the removal of the stalactite coating which had covered them. The paintings date from the beginning of the second century, and may have been made during the life time of St. John. The catacomb is one of the most ancient in Rome and is the only one where the name of Peter, which here occurs seven times, is found.

Ex-Priest Chiniquy Facing Death

The career of Chiniquy, the oldest and most notorious of the ex-priests, is about to close. Montreal dispatches say he is lying at the point of death in that city. Chiniquy has recently been delivering his anti-Catholic tirades in the East and on returning from Albany was stricken down, his age precluding all hopes of recovery.

HAZE.

Oh, hazy days of royal tint, a sweet celestial smoke
Impurifies all the fading world and folds its
mystic cloak
About my soul till substance seems a weird,
illusory thing.
And only vapory visions of enchantment round
me swing.

The rugged road and duty's load are blurred
by restless mist;
A gentle presence leads me on to some idyllic
tryst
Beyond the hills, to meet, perchance, the
head, spirit of my dream—
The priestess of a blissful realm, where peace
is all supreme.
—George E. Bowen in Chicago Inter Ocean.

IN A MEXICAN MARKET.

Parrots, Puppies, Scrap Iron and Boiled Grasshoppers For Sale.

The articles seen in the market I will here give as they were written down during a Sunday morning visit, says a writer in the New York Advertiser. One department is under cover and is filled with assorted fruits, including oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, pears, peaches, plums, bananas, quinces, alligator pears, coconuts and many other tropical fruits, most of which, owing to the high market tax and costly transportation, sell at about New York prices. The streets and sidewalks in the vicinity are lined with men, women and children, who are seated on the ground surrounded by their market products, which include, besides the ordinary vegetable market product, parrots, pigeons, unweaned puppies, game chickens, pet lambs, haltered pigs and kids. Then there are heaps of old iron, birdcages, cheap calico, brass jewelry, boiled corn, potatoes, stewed pumpkins, beans, pepper, cooked and raw pigs' feet, sheep heads, hearts, lights and entrails. There are also flints and tinder for starting fires, metal mounted stone for grinding corn, roots, bark and medical herbs and dye woods. Close by we see fried shrimp and grasshoppers. Each are cooked whole and eaten so. The latter are about the size of our common grasshopper, but are entirely red, but as to looks I would just as soon try to go the common "hopper" of the north. Besides these the natives gather the eggs of the swamp fly and boil them into a paste and eat them with salt, chili (pepper) and tortillas. The fly and its eggs are each sold in the market. The former is somewhat smaller than the house fly, while the eggs are about the size and color of a hayseed. In fact, everything is eaten here that the human stomach will digest or anything that is capable of being converted into soup.

Odorless Flowers.

One who has taken a walk through Shaw's garden will hardly believe the assertion that the majority of the flowers of the world are without odor, but such is the case. Take the flora of Europe as an illustration. Four thousand and two hundred species and varieties of flowers have been named and classified by the botanists of that country, and it has been found that less than 10 per cent of the whole give forth distinguishable odors or have perceptible colors. The very commonest flowers of the world are white, colorless varieties predominating by at least one-third, and only one-sixth of that class are odoriferous. In Europe there are 1,194 species of white flowers, only 200 of which are fragrant. In the same country they have 951 kinds of yellow flowers, of which number only 77 are odoriferous. Out of 825 varieties of red flowers they only have 84 that give forth odor, and in 9 of these "the smell is far from being fragrant." Of the 594 blue species only 34 are fragrant and of the 808 violet blues only 13. Next week we will give a "note" entitled "The Odor of Flowers," which will give many curious points in that branch of botanical knowledge.—St. Louis Republic.

Three Suns and an Inverted Rainbow.

The following is taken literally word for word from a rare copy of the Brighton (England) Advertiser of June 6, 1797: "A rare phenomenon is reported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 5, three perfect suns were seen all in a row above the western horizon. The sky was very clear at the time, and there was no one who saw the unusual sight that believes it to have been a mirage or other atmospheric illusion. The central seemed more brilliant than his two luminous attendants, and between the three there seemed to be a communication in the shape of waves of light composed of all the prismatic colors. At about the same time a rainbow made its appearance at a short distance above the central sun, upside down—that is to say, the two ends pointed toward the zenith and the bow's neck toward the horizon."

To Whom It May Interest.

A middle aged lady dressed in a brown silk entered a crowded cable car on the North Side.

A young man in a corduroy suit half rose, glanced at her and sat down again.

Should this meet the eye of the middle aged lady dressed in the brown silk she will be interested in learning that the young man in the corduroy suit is a lover of birds.

And she will recall the fact that she wore on her bonnet the stuffed remains of four ruby throated humming birds.—Chicago Tribune.

An Economical Father.

Smith—No, I never take the newspapers home. I've a family of grownup daughters, you know.

Jones—Papers too full of crimes, eh? Smith—No. Too full of bargain sales. No man or woman is altogether advertisement proof.—Art in Advertising.

The land of Mexico is held in feudal tenure by about 7,000 families. Patents are issued to all who ask for them, and the government leaves the question of priority to be fought out in the courts.

A late gleaner of Biblical curios says that Solomon's famous temple was only 107 feet long, 36 feet wide and 54 feet in height.

THE CZAR'S DOCTOR.

He is an Eccentric Man and Insists Upon Having His Way in the Sickroom.

Dr. Zacharin, who has been treating the czar, is known as one of the most impolite men—to use no stronger expression—in his profession. He is a fierce democrat and has respect for no one. Like Professor Schweninger, the physician of Bismarck, he insists upon the literal execution of his orders, it matters not who the patient may be, and will brook no interference. He is a man of middle age and began life as a butcher boy. He has become one of the richest men in Russia by his practice.

When the malady of the czar began to look serious a few weeks ago, the emperor at once asked that Zacharin be sent for. A telegram was dispatched to the governor of Moscow, says one of the imperial attendants in the Copenhagen Politiken, ordering him to send Zacharin to St. Petersburg. The adjutant of the governor found the professor in his clinic and asked him to make as rapid preparations as possible, as the fast train would leave the city for the capital in a few hours.

"The fast train? What?" was the professor's answer. "The emperor of Russia is sick, and you talk of the fast train! Will you kindly order me an 'extra,' which must be ready in half an hour?"

At the time appointed he started for St. Petersburg, and arriving there hurried with an adjutant to the castle.

"His majesty awaits you, professor," said a chamberlain, who received him at the entrance. "Your rooms are at the head of the stairway, and you will find everything in readiness to make your toilet after the journey."

"Toilet!" answered the physician. "His majesty is sick and wants my advice, not to see me in 'toilet.' Take me to him at once."

The emperor was lying in bed in a dark room. All the windows were closed, and the curtains were down. The empress sat in a rocking chair next to the bed. Three body physicians stood about the room. Zacharin entered the room, made his obeisance to the imperial pair, but almost totally disregarded the presence of his colleagues.

"What an atmosphere! It is disease breeding. And in this atmosphere you allow Russia's sick emperor to lie? Quick! Put back the curtains and raise the windows." Such was his first order.

He then became silent and began a thorough examination of his patient. Then, taking a chair, he rested his arm on his knee and began to think. Almost ten minutes passed without his uttering more than a half dozen words. As the other physicians, who apparently did not like his action, began to talk softly to one another, he rapped with his pencil and told them to "be still."—New York Tribune.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A Version Being Prepared in England Which Will Exclude Uncommon Words.

A people's version of the New Testament is being prepared by a company of ladies and gentlemen who think they will improve the Scriptures by excluding words and idioms not in common use. The Manchester Guardian prints this sample of supposed improvement: "And why do you trouble about clothes? Notice the wild lilies how they are growing. They do not toil, nor do they spin, yet I tell you that even Solomon in all his grandeur did not dress as well as one of these. Now, if God clothes in this way even the wild plants which today are living and tomorrow are to be made fuel for the oven, will he not much rather clothe you, you men of little faith? Do not then trouble yourselves with such questions as what are we to eat, what are we to drink, what are we to wear. For all these things are what the heathen nations make their aim. For your heavenly father knows that you need all these things."

England's Temperance Party.

The temperance party have given the government notice privately that they refuse to tolerate any delay next session in passing the bill giving local control over the liquor trade, a measure which Gladstone recently denounced as impracticable. The threat has some political importance, because there are about a dozen extreme temperance men in the house of commons, who, although Liberals, are prepared to vote against the government if they should be further fooled on this question. Their allegiance to the party is certain to be put to the breaking strain test, because the whole time of the next session is already virtually pledged to other matters.—London Letter.

The Aesthetic Oscar.

"The disciples of the aesthete, Oscar Wilde, who still treasure his picture as it was graven on their memory in his visit to this country a few years ago," says a woman just home from abroad, "would never recognize the man today. He dresses in quite the extreme of the fashions of the moment. His cravat is enormous, and his long frock coat is a little longer than anybody's else. He wears a gold chain bracelet, and on the little finger of his left hand are so many rings that the stone almost touches his nail. Almost the only remnant of 'Sunflower Oscar Wilde' is his hair, which he still wears long, though now it is parted."

It's an Ill Wind, Etc.

The assassination of President Carnot has made the fortune of the hardware dealer in Cotte, where Cesario bought the knife with which he committed his crime. The man's name is Guillaume. Since the origin of the knife became known, no day has passed without Guillaume's receiving orders for the "Carnot poignard." These orders come not only from France, but also from foreign countries, in such numbers that the dealer cannot fill them. One house in Brussels alone ordered 300.—Paris Letter.

A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

This is The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect \$1.50 from each one, send \$5 to the office, and retain \$2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send \$10 to the office, and retain \$5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send \$20 to the office, retaining \$10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send \$40 to the office, retaining \$20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send \$50 to the office, retaining \$25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send \$100 to the office, retaining \$50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME.

Haunting me ever, there comes and goes
A line from an old song's tender close,
Its burden the sweetest—the saddest, too,
For the altered lives it has echoed through—
"Love, had you loved me!" The words are few,
But through them an infinite passion flows.

"Love, had you loved me!" Perhaps the key
To many a grief this thought may be.
To a sorrow that stirs at the magic strain
And steps from its prison, barred in vain,
To crush with the old, relentless pain
The heart that has guarded it faithfully.

Ah, fondest and truest, whose brown eyes
Shine
With the tenderest lovelight, I am thine
Forever, thou heart of my heart, and yet
The breath of an April violet
Wakens a longing, a deep regret
For eyes as blue, that were never mine.

"Love, had you loved me!" what life would be
Attuned to that passionate melody!
Sad hearts unbent, that must still repine
For the draft unaltered of love's rich wine,
Bitter the memories that haunt this line
Of "Love, had you loved me!" so mournfully.
—Ella M. Sexton.

A MAN OF PREY.

Toward Singapore, out of the sunset
glare, a long, slashing schooner came
spanking in before the southwest mon-
soon at a pace which procured for her
from prahu, lorch and sampang an un-
commonly wide berth. Off Pulo Pan-
jan, however, the stranger put his helm
down, got in his square canvas and
went away, close hauled, west by north
along the coast.

"See that, Sam?" and Proddy of
Proddy & Newman let his cheroot go
out as he gazed after the flying schooner.
Proddy had been over to Bintang, and
Sam was skipper of his little steam
yacht.

"Aye, sir, I see that, and I see the rea-
son of it, too," and Sam pointed to a
streaming wisp of yellow at the top of
a headless palm on Panjan point.
"Schooner hauled her wind the instant
that bit of bunting went aloft."

"Private signal, eh? And quarantine
colors too! Devilish odd! Don't concern
us, though!" and Proddy, the pot bel-
lied, lit another Manila.

Over the domestic establishment of
Simon Proddy, Esq., presided a lady
who rejoiced in a stearine complexion,
a velvety eye and hair for length and
blackness like unto a horse's tail, but
who, despite French habiliments and an
English education, was a China woman
pure and simple.

"A wonderful woman, sir!" would
Proddy say. "Worth any half a dozen
white women I ever knew! And the
best of it is that her sisters and her
cousins and her aunts are God knows
where! Couldn't quite stand them, you
know!"

But, all unknown to Proddy, his
brevet wife possessed a father—a sophis-
ticated old sinner, who dabbled with
dubious irons in mysterious fires and
carried about as much rascality to the
square inch as any in Singapore. And
little thought Proddy, when he one day
ordered off his premises a doddering,
old, spectacled Chow, that into that
astute brain of Mrs. Proddy's respected
parent there had that very moment been
born a scheme for the conversion into a
valuable security of his, Proddy's, sub-
stantial person.

Well, up the old Singapore strait the
mysterious schooner had let go her
anchor. In here, between the back of
the island and the mainland, the sou-
wester came but faintly, and the Ra-
phael H. Semmes, under lee of Tanjong
Belu, lay still and silent upon an ink
mirror. Her forestay showed no "riding
light," nor through the tarpaulin blind-
ed skylight could come any glimmer
from below, where lounged a frock coat-
ed and pot hatted little man of slender
build and mild, reflective eye. There
wasn't much to indicate the most reck-
less desperado the archipelago had ever
seen—a deserter from the famous Ala-
bama during her visit to the strait in
1865. Crocky Dixon had since sailed slap
through many a law of many a nation,
and, though report perhaps exaggerat-
ed in asserting that he ought long ago
to have adorned a yardarm, it was cer-
tain that he hadn't acquired his pleas-
ing appellation for nothing. But now the
Crocodile, with a black trichinopoly
in its jaws and a bottle of Madeira at
its elbow, appeared "a gentle beast
enough and of an excellent conscience,"
a fact which, to those who knew the
reptile best, boded very ill for some-
body.

"At here, master, now come. Very
great thing to want to settle at now
quick."

Away among the jungle, toward the
back of the island, Proddy had a gam-
bler plantation, the overseer whereof
was Whang Lo, and Whang Lo's Eng-
lish, as above presented, Proddy under-
stood well enough. But what he didn't
understand—as he told the lemon tinted
Mrs. Proddy—was what the devil it
could be that required his presence in
such a hurry! It was another coolly
nabbed by a tiger, he'd wake the au-
thorities up to some purpose! The brutes
were breeding on the island like rab-
bits, and the reward wasn't quarter big
enough!

About an hour after Proddy, growl-
ing thus, had departed into the dark-
ness, Mrs. Proddy, idly turning over
Whang Lo's screen, discovered on the
back thereof three tiny Chinese charac-
ters, of which—so far had English dis-
placed her hereditary language—she un-
derstood but one. That one, however,
was enough—it signified "danger"—
and in three minutes Mrs. Proddy was
on her way to the nearest police tannah.

"Do not come!" translated the old
Javan sergeant—"Danger!—the croc-
dile! The true word, this, on back!" he
added promptly. "Bad men make he
write the other—this when nobody look,
he put, so Miss Proddy no come!" And
then, with Mrs. Proddy, the acute old
man sent off a peon to the central office.
Here she had a short interview with the
superintendent, who, in turn, had, 20
minutes later, a short interview with
the lieutenant commanding her majes-
ty's gunboat Tickler.

"Oh, that tuffian Dixon!" Lieutenant
Dawson said. "Why, we're getting
steam up now to go around and see what

he's about at the back of the island!
What dy'e make of this Proddy busi-
ness?"

"Case of ransom, I take it! This
Dixon's brought off something of the
kind before up Penang way. They've
 nabbed old Proddy at his plantation by
this time, I expect, and, if they can,
they'll run him over to some den on the
Bornean coast and keep him till gov-
ernment or the merchants come down
with something handsome. The so-called
Mrs. Proddy's father is about the big-
gest scoundrel in Singapore, and I fancy
he's in this job with Crocky. If so, the
negotiations would be made through
him—but, meantime, it's your own part
to burst up this pleasing little arrange-
ment!"

Old Proddy—for all his stomach—de-
fended himself like a paladin and had
to be knocked on the head with a boat
stretcher, so that he knew no more un-
til, peeping through a port at break of
day, he saw a misty shore slide slowly
past him, as before a gentle air the
schooner stood eastward under every
stitch she could spread.

"That shore, Proddy, Esq., is Obin
island, from which little suckumstance
you'll judge that we're a-standin to the
eastward out of this here hell trap of a
strait of yours. An, as to what we're
a-takin you, Proddy, Esq.—that you'll
find out before you're a powerful deal
older!"

"You'll have the Tickler after you
before you're much older!" snorted the
astounded Proddy.

"Hardly that, Proddy, Esq. You see
there won't be no muss made about you
before this evening, and, as we'll catch
the monsoon strong again in the offing,
your footy little smoke pot of a Tickler
will just hev the hull universal ocean
to overhaul for us by to-mor—Great
Jefferson!" and down went Crocky's
jaw, as, glancing through the port, a
slender trail of smoke led down his eye
to a little white hull just rounding
Franklin point.

In three seconds Crocky was on deck
—rapid, resolute and cool. "Chased
sooner than we expected, lad! No get
away now with Proddy, Esq.—but
without him, I guess we'll fix it! Get
the dingy over the side—smart, now!
We'll send his friends on a little excur-
sion to rescue him from a wat-tery
gre-ave!"

Within three minutes the dingy was
adrift, with a bit of canvas set for'ard,
and Proddy—lest he should drowse it—
lashed to a ringbolt in the stern sheets.
The resourceful Crocky, bringing the
wind upon his port quarter, stood away
due north, between Obin and Tukang.

Aboard the gunboat there was no
hesitation. Reluctantly a course was
shaped for the little waif, scarce visible
now against the sunrise, as faster and
faster the freshening wind drove her out
to sea, so that by the time the drenched
and stiffened Proddy had been hoisted
aboard the Tickler the namesake of the
Alabama's captain was being warped
into a winding offshoot of the Johore
river, wherein, with topmasts bobbing,
she lay snug till dark. Then, with the
ebb, she dropped down again to sea, and
sunrise found her well away into the
gulf of Siam.

Mrs. Proddy had her reward in two
installments. The first when before high
heaven the grateful Proddy confirmed
her wifely status; the second when, by
the orders of the secret society of which
her estimable parent was an ornament,
her cook, a member also of the "hoey,"
mixed something with her morning cof-
fee that speedily made of Proddy the in-
conceivable widower he is to this day.
—Alexander Montgomery in Sydney Bul-
letin.

Fate.

Long she stood at the window and
mused. The rays of the setting sun en-
tangled themselves in her Titian hair
or surrounded her glorious height of 5
feet 8 with an aureate halo. Proud,
queasily, limbed like a goddess, she was
indeed a magnificent specimen of femi-
ninity.

"Strange," she muttered. And then
a soft, self pitying, half happy smile
flitted across her face like a gleam of
April sunshine.

"Strange," she said again, "to think
that I, who only six short months ago
was the quarter back of the Emancipat-
ed Maidens' football eleven, should
have lost my heart to a man whose col-
lar is a size and a half smaller than
mine. But such is fate. And I love
him."

Carelessly picking up a 40 pound
dumbbell, she tossed it out of the win-
dow and across the lot and then sought
her boudoir. —Cincinnati Tribune.

Washing Glass.

When possible, a wooden or paper
tub should be used in washing glass. A
soft silver brush, soft cloths for wash-
ing and soft linen towels for wiping
also are necessary. Have the water cool
enough to bear the hand in comforta-
bly. Make a strong suds with hard soap.
The second dish of water should be of
the same temperature. Wash each piece
carefully, rubbing with the soft cloth
then put in the rinsing water. When
four or five pieces have been washed,
spread a coarse towel on an old tray
and place the glass on this to drain.
Wipe the hands dry and then wipe the
pieces of glass with a perfectly clean,
dry towel. Rub gently to polish. —De-
troit News.

His Full Name.

In The Independent James Payn says
that in the beginning of the present cen-
tury an American sea captain, having
some business in a public office in Lon-
don, was very tedious in the operation
of signing his name. As it happened to
be Papp, this annoyed the official, who
thought his valuable time was being
wasted, but as it happened he was mis-
taken. The captain had only written
his full name, "Through-much-tribula-
tion-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-
heaven Papp." "May I ask you," said
the official, "what your mother called
you when she wanted you?" "Well,
sir, when I was little," was the grave
reply, "they used to call me Tribby."

GHOSTS OF THE SEA.

SAILORS DREAD TO SEE THE SHIPS
THAT NEVER SAILED.

An Old Salt Tells of His First Experience
With a Phantom Ship—While a Terri-
ble Hurricane Howls It Rides Easily
With All Sails Set.

"These tales of the ships that never
came back are sad enough, but it's the
ship that never went out, the ghosts of
the sea, that give the sailor man a
creepy feeling when he meets them out
where the waves are rolling high and
the winds are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Alling,
who has followed the sea as boy and
man for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by
a group of interested listeners in the
public room of the Sailors' Happy home
in South street, Mate Bob, as all the
sailors call him, was telling stories of
strange sights that he has witnessed at
sea. Alling is now mate of a coastwise
fishing schooner, but in the old days he
sailed in some of the largest trading ships
and the strongest whalers that ever
sailed out of an American port flying
the stars and stripes.

"As I said, boys," the old man went
on, "it's the ships that never went out
from any port that a sailor never forgets
when he sees one of them. We may re-
member the ships that went out and
never came back for a time if we had a
shipmate aboard, but we can forget. But
there's no forgetting a ghost of the sea."

"It was back in the early fifties that
I saw my first sea ghost, and today I
can shut my eyes and see it just as plain
as I could see it then. I was a sailor on
a fishing schooner, and we were catch-
ing cod off the coast of Newfoundland.
We had been out ten days and were al-
most ready to start for home with a full
cargo when a nasty off shore breeze
came on late one evening. Westwood out
to sea, for there was a heavy fog along
with the wind. It was a stiff and steady
blow, so we rode the waves under bars
poles during the night, waiting for day-
light and the fog to lift before shaping
our course for home.

"All through the night we sent up
rocket at intervals and kept the ship's
bell going, because we could not see
ten feet ahead at times on account of
the fog. But it was nearly morning be-
fore we heard or saw an answering sig-
nal to warn us that another vessel was
near."

"I was on the early morning watch,
and about half an hour before daylight
I made out a signal light a short dis-
tance ahead on our port bow. It was a
strange light, a pale blue in color, and
it flashed up and down at irregular in-
tervals. The fog was still thick, and it
was impossible to tell how near we were
to the vessel."

"I called the mate on deck and point-
ed to the strange signal light. He looked
at it a long time, and, with a shake of
his head, said he could not make it out
at all. The lights showed that the
vessel could not be far away, so we
changed our course a little, and then
fired a gun. There was no answer, and
we fired again and again with the same
result."

"By and by I saw that the mate was
very grave and queer looking. He was
pacing back and forth on the deck, not
minding the cold, misty rain that was
falling, and all the time he kept his
eyes fixed on that queer looking bluish
light that flashed up out of the fog and
darkness ahead. At last I made so bold
as to ask the mate what he thought of
it."

"It's a ghost!" he said, looking at
me with a plying look.

"A ghost?" says I.

"Yes, a ghost of the sea. Wait till
the fog lifts. You may see it then."

"The fog lifted a bit when daylight
came, and then I saw the ghost, as the
mate said I would."

"Rising grim and white out of the
fog and waves that were rolling high, I
saw a full rigged ship of queer design.
The wind was blowing half a gale, but
not a mast or pole of the ghost ship
bent an inch, and not one of the broad
white sails seemed to strain at the ropes."

"The phantom was close on our
port bow, and as the fog cleared away
we had a splendid view from her water line
to the top of her masts. With the waves
pitching and rolling mountain high, and
the wind howling around our poles, the
ghost ship was riding out the storm as
steady as a painted ship on a painted
canvas ocean."

"Every man on board crowded on
deck, and while they had to hold on to
the railing to keep from being washed
overboard they stood and gazed at the
phantom ship as long as it was in sight.
Some of them that were a bit religious
like made the sign of the cross, and oth-
ers tried to say a bit of a prayer. The
fact is that every man on board thought
the phantom ship a warning of death."

"The captain went below and drank
his grog till he was that reckless no-
body had any terrors for him. Then, as
the wind went down a bit, he ordered us
to make sail and bear down on the
phantom ship."

"Up went our sail in a jiffy, and we
flew along before the wind, but we
could get no nearer the phantom ship.
Suddenly we saw the white ghost ship
lurch forward, her sails trembled for an
instant, and then she seemed to sink
straight down into the sea. Ten seconds
from the time we saw the first quiver of
her sails the ship had vanished, and we
never saw her again."

"During the day the storm went
down, and putting about we made port
in safety. But when that schooner sailed
for the fishing banks again it was with
an entirely new crew from the captain
to cabin boy. Not a man who saw the
ghost ship from her deck would sail on
that schooner again."

"Such is the old sailor belief in the
ghosts of the sea as warnings of danger.
The men who see one of them will never
sail again on the same ship if they live
to see port." —New York Dispatch.

THE SETTER DOG.

Its Scouting Power Is So Fine as to Be a
Source of Wonder.

The scouting power of a well bred,
well trained setter is a thing wholly
beyond human conception, and the mar-
velous exhibitions they give of this
power can scarcely be credited. Indeed
it would not be wise to seriously dis-
cuss the quality of a dog's nose were it
not possible to verify the stories that
might be told of this wonderful power.

Who would believe that a dog going at
a good gallop, with a dead bird in its
mouth, could scent a live bird on the
ground several yards to one side of his
course? And yet there are few sports-
men who have not seen a dog point a
live bird with a dead bird in his mouth.
It would seem as if the scent of the bird
so near his nose would prevent the dog
from scenting another bird of the same
variety lying close in the grass several
yards from him. A man with a bunch
of roses in his face would not pretend
he could smell a bunch of similar flow-
ers a foot away. If he did, no one would
believe him.

Yet there is no doubt about the set-
ter being able to smell and point live
birds on the ground while he holds a
dead bird in his mouth. He goes fur-
ther than this. He points a dead bird
on the ground with a dead bird in his
mouth, and he knows the instant he
feels the scent that it is a dead bird.
This fact he expresses in his manner of
pointing, and if it is a wounded bird he
knows that, too, and indicates the fact.
Most dogs are taught to point stanchly
a live bird and not to point a dead bird.
The dog will go at full speed right up
to his dead bird and never pause a mo-
ment. If there is a live bird near, he
will point that stanchly, and the promp-
tness and certainty of his deci-
sions show that the instant he catches a
scent he knows whether the bird is alive
or dead. He makes a distinction, too,
between a dead bird, a live bird and a
wounded bird. He points the wounded
bird differently from what he does the
live bird and usually springs in and
catches it. What there is about a wound-
ed bird's scent that he can recognize
instantly is a puzzle to every one who
has thought much of the question. —
Chicago Tribune.

Appearances Deceptive.

The other day there entered a Broad-
way car down town a withered, skinny,
queer looking little woman of about 50
years, a perfect type of the shabby spin-
ster as she is commonly imagined. A
member of a firm which publishes a pa-
per given over to the hottest and most
sentimental cheap fiction, who happen-
ed to be in the car, greeted her with
great consideration and conversed with
her until she left the car up town.

"Who is that venerable antique?"
asked the friend who was with him
when she had departed.

"She is one of our contributors," re-
plied the publisher.

"The editor of the ragbag depart-
ment?"

"Not exactly. The fact is, old man,
she is Miss —, the author of —."
And he strung off a list of a dozen or
more of those high pressure, passion
palpitating, heart bursting serial fictions
dear to a certain class of feminine read-
ers. "You'd never believe it, of course,
but it's so, and we know it to the tune
of \$7,500 a year, which is what we pay
her under our contract for her stories." —
New York Recorder.

Superheated Steam.

Probably it has come to be accepted
as an axiom by most practical steam
engineers that in modern conditions of
working superheating is useless or im-
possible. Some reasons for such a belief,
arising out of difficulties experienced,
no doubt there are. But if engineers
generally had fully appreciated the
magnitude of the loss due to condensa-
tion in the cylinder it is difficult to
think that superheating would have
been abandoned with so little of a strug-
gle to overcome the difficulties, and
that, for so long, while every other
means of securing economy has been
tried, superheating has been neglected.
It is sometimes said that the quantity
of heat in superheated steam is very small.
That is so, of course. But the earlier ex-
perience showed that this small quan-
tity produced a disproportionately large
beneficial effect. —Professor W. C. Un-
win in Cassier's Magazine.

Force of Habit.

There are no tables in the houses of
the Eskimo, and the women are there-
fore in the habit of placing everything
on the floor. A Danish lady employed
several Eskimo women to do some wash-
ing. Entering the washhouse, she saw
them all bending over the washtubs
that stood on the floor. To make them
more comfortable she had some stools
fetched and placed the tubs upon them.
By and by she looked in to see how they
were getting on, and to her astonish-
ment discovered the women standing
on the stools and stooping still more la-
boriously over the tubs, which still re-
mained on the floor. —San Francisco
Argonaut.

The Ashes of Peleg.

In the year 558 A. D., while work-
men were engaged in trenching the salt
mines in Prussia, they unearthed a tri-
angular building in which was a col-
umn of white marble. At the side of
the column was a tomb of freestone and
over it a slab of granite inscribed with
these words, which were in Latin:
"Here rest the ashes of Peleg, grand
architect of the tower of Babel. The Al-
mighty had pity on him because he be-
came humble."

Bungalows may be built of stud walls
on a brick foundation, covered external-
ly either with tiles, weatherboarding
crossed or stained and varnished, with
rough cast or half timbered work. In-
side the walls should be plastered.

A Sheffield bootmaker displays this
notice in his window: "Don't you wish
you were in my shoes?"

PASSING OF THE BOOT.

Disuse of Foot Gear Once Popular East
and West.

The diminished use of boots is a mat-
ter of concern to the manufacturers of
them and to the producers of heavy
leather and heavy calfskins. Twenty
years ago the calf boot industry was a
leading one in New England. Whole
towns were studied with factories which
produced calf boots exclusively. For a
decade the sale has been gradually fall-
ing off, and today it is of hardly any
importance. A few manufacturers of
shoes include boots as a specialty, but
the demand is too light to amount to
much. When calf boots were more in
vogue, manufacturers consulted the par-
tialities of the cowboys, to whom price
was a secondary consideration. The
legs were frequently corded with silk
stitching. The star and crescent and
other fanciful ornamentations were in-
laid on the legs of the boots. There
were high heels, and boots were striking
specimens of mechanical art. The soles
were inlaid with copper, zinc and brass
nails. The cowboys no longer pay \$15
for a pair of boots. They want substance
instead of show. But they were not the
only wearers of calf boots. They were
extensively worn. Many men prefer
them today, though the number is grow-
ing less. The old fashioned stoga boots
were formerly sold in large quantities.
They are well nigh obsolete. There fol-
lowed a demand for a lighter and more
stylish article. A kip boot of finer tex-
ture was produced, about equal in ap-
pearance to the best calf boot, but this,
too, has fallen somewhat into disuse,
and the sales this season are scarcely
over one-half the usual amount. Where
there were 20 factories producing boots
exclusively there is now not one. Even
the farmers are using heavy shoes in-
stead of boots, and if it becomes a ne-
cessity to wear long legged boots they
buy rubber. —Shoe and Leather Report-
er.

FIVE CONSONANTS IN A ROW.

A Polish Name That Sounds a Good Deal
Like Two Snares.

A subscriber to the Milwaukee Sen-
tinel is curious to know the correct pro-
nunciation of the Polish name Brzecz-
ski. He came across it in an account of
an affray which took place on Sobieski
street, that city, and evinced a desire
to master its pronunciation. On investi-
gation it was found that the name, if
pronounced as indicated, must be
pronounced Brzechinski, the "rz" be-
ing sounded about as the English "sh,"
and the "cz" as the "ch" in "hitch-
ing."

Some of the Poles in Milwaukee are
in favor of a reform in the spelling of
their names. As a matter of fact, the let-
ters in the Polish alphabet do not rep-
resent the same sounds as the letters in
the Latin or English alphabet. For in-
stance, the Polish w is equivalent to the
English v, and the s sometimes assumes
the sound of sh, the z that of the En-
glish z in azure. The Polish tongue con-
tains a great many more sounds than
the old Latin did, and in order to ex-
press the additional sounds in Latin
characters it was found necessary to
combine different consonants. The re-
sult is that a person familiar only with
the English language regards the Polish
names as jawbreakers and despairs over
their pronunciation.

A reform in the spelling of Polish
names similar to the reform adopted by
Mme. Modjeska in the spelling of her
name would be a great relief to hun-
dreds of people. Modjeska's name in
Polish is spelled Modrzewska, in a
manner in which no Englishman or
American living would be able to pro-
nounce it. Chervinski would sound the
same way as Czerwinski, only everybody
would be able to read it.

A Stable Forewoman.

When John Thompson, who drives a
coal cart for J. T. Story of Kent avenue
and Wilson street, Brooklyn, was ar-
raigned in the Gates avenue police court
the other day before Justice Quigley on
a charge of driving a lame horse, a
stout, elderly woman stepped to the bar
and commenced speaking:

"You have nothing to do with this
case," said the justice.

"Indeed I have," said the woman.
"I am foreman of Mr. Story's stables,
and I can assure you that the horse only
went lame the day of the arrest."

When the justice had recovered from
his surprise, he was informed that Mrs.
Mary Rocket was indeed forewoman
over a stable containing 50 horses. A
year ago her husband was removed from
the position of foreman, and his wife
was put in charge. Justice Quigley fin-
ed the prisoner \$5, which Mrs. Rocket
paid. —New York News.

Keep on Going.

Above all things, the novice must
learn "to keep on going," as the bicycle
teacher says. The tendency is to stop
working the pedals when one feels a lit-
tle afraid. Fatal mistake! Almost every
possible disaster can be averted by a bi-
cycle rider if she only remembers to
"keep on going," to sit up straight and
to use the handle bars with calmness
and discretion. It is folly to attempt to
ride a bicycle without having taken a
few lessons from a capable teacher. Then
mounting and dismounting, riding and
turning are easy, and falls will not oc-
cur. —New York Journal.

The Wrong Lead.

"If you please, mum," began Mr.
Dismal Dawson, "I wish you would
gimme something to eat. That there
woman next door gimme a handout; but,
on the dead, the stuff wasn't fit."
"See here," was the answer he got,
"that woman next door is my mother,
and if you aren't out of here in less
than two minutes I'll set the dog on
you. Now, you git."

Mr. Dawson got. —Indianapolis Jour-
nal.

Culpable Ignorance.

She (severely)—Henry, what's a poker
chip?
He (frankly)—It's a chip off a poker,
I suppose. Did I guess it?—Exchange.

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Tapioca, 25 lbs. for \$1.
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Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.
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lb.
Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box,
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of November.

Nov. 11th—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

St. Rosa's, San Francisco.
Old St. Mary's, College, San Francisco.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, November 18th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Nov. 11, Sunday—26th after Pentecost—St. Martin, Bp. (Tours, 400.)

Nov. 12, Monday—St. Martin I., P. M. (655.)

Nov. 13, Tuesday—St. Stanislas Kostka (S. J. 1586.) St. Lawrence O'Toole, Bp. (1181.)

Nov. 14, Wednesday—St. Joseph, Bp. M. (1623.)

Nov. 15, Thursday—St. Gertrude, V. (O. S. B., 1301.)

Nov. 16, Friday—St. Edmund, Bp. (1240.)

Nov. 17, Saturday—St. Gregory Wonder-worker, Bp. (270.) St. Hugh, Bp. 1200.

"Lead us not into Temptation."

The suggested translation of the Lord's Prayer by Mr. Jaunaris, who claims to be learned in modern, post classical and classical Greek, is much exercising the press secular and religious. He denies that the authorized English version is a faithful representation of the original. The petition, "lead us not into temptation" cannot, says he, be reconciled either with the precepts of the Gospel or logic. His proposed translation is "let us not fall into a tempter's snare." Catholics have the same translation as Anglicans; but the note in the Douay Bible on the passage is: "Suffer us not to be overcome by the temptation." And this is the rendering in French: "N'e nous laissez pas succomber a la tentation." The authorized catechisms used by our children in all countries give the same signification to the passage, Deharbe's Catechism, which has run through thirty editions in Germany and has been translated and published in the United States, is one of the most universally approved expositions of Catholic doctrine has:

"Q. What do we ask for in the Sixth Petition: Lead us not into temptation?"

"We ask that God would remove from us all temptations and all dangers of sin, or, at least, give us grace sufficient to resist them."

"Q. By whom are we tempted to sin?"

1. By our own Flesh or Concupiscence; for the flesh lusteth against the spirit. (Gal. V. 17);

2. By the World—i. e., by its vain pomps, bad examples, and wicked maxims; and

3. By the Devil 'who as a roaring lion; goeth about seeking whom he may devour' (I

Pet. V. 8.)

"Q. Why does God permit us to be tempted?"

1. To keep us humble;

2. To try our faithfulness, or to punish our unfaithfulness; and

3. To increase our zeal for virtue, and our merits.

"Q. Is temptation in itself a sin?"

Temptation in itself is not a sin; but to expose ourselves heedlessly to temptation, or to yield to it is a sin. For our consolation and instruction Christ Himself allowed the Devil to tempt him. (Matt. IV.)

"What must we do in order that we may not yield?"

We must specially watch and pray as Christ our Lord says: 'Watch ye and pray that ye enter not into temptation, (Matt. XXVI, 41.)

In his commentary on S. Matthew, Dr. McCarthy, vice-president of Maynooth, writes: "But why is this unwilling permission set forth as if it were a positive act on the part of God. Do not lead us into temptation? Because though God permits the evil, he does not deliver the sinner, but suffers him to fall through his own fault. He interposes at times also by the subtraction of his abundant grace from hardened sinners, or the withdrawal of temporal blessings or even the bestowal of these blessings which become the occasion of greater sin. God never leads man into sin; but God's justice or goodness is abused by man for his own ruin. Hence we ought to pray fervently that God may not permit us to turn His grace and his gifts to our own ruin, and that he may not permit Satan to overcome us."

A Drawn Battle.

The result of the election in this state is one that affords a great deal of thought for Catholic voters. We find that after all the vituperative abuse which has been heaped upon the A. P. A. that that organization has succeeded in electing a majority of the men endorsed by it. The few isolated cases where a different result has been obtained, only confirm the general principle. In the case of Adolph Sutro, at the eleventh hour, an attack was made upon him, because unsought, an endorsement had been given him, which he had not repudiated. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Sutro, know that his ideas are entirely antagonistic to the principles of that organization, and his election does not signify a triumph for it.

A similar state of affairs exists in the case of Mr. Budd. The Post threw a boomerang, and he and Jackson Temple, share the honors of being the only Democrats elected on the state ticket. It must also be a source of pleasure to the management of a local Catholic weekly to review the results of their work. The "sewer rats" have crawled out of the sewer, and shoved their opponents in it. This result is traceable to no other cause than that the American people resent an indecent style of campaign. The constant abuse and strong language with which its columns were filled, week after week, did more to result in the triumph of Apaism, than any other

er cause combined.

From the partial returns as they have been received an analysis of the vote shows that where its influence, on account of circulation, is supposed to be the strongest, there the normal Democratic majority has been overcome, and candidates endorsed by the A. P. A. have secured the larger proportion of the vote. Its influence there was negative, and the senseless agitation started by it, has made the injection of religion into politics, a most potent cause for the election of those opposed to the Catholic Church.

There is no more striking proof of this than its attack on Mr. Sutro, at an hour when it was rendered impossible for him to reply through its column. Mr. Sutro's plurality will be at least 15,000 and possibly more. The Catholic Church, has had no more generous benefactor than Mr. Sutro, and his marked triumph in this case, is a most stinging rebuke to back-number journalism. The A. P. A. has won a victory, to which at least one Catholic weekly contributed its due share.

One of the doctrines and practices of the Russian Communism, of which an account was given in our last issue, is singularly accentuated by the religious ceremonies consequent on the death of the Czar. There have been offered in all Russian Churches, masses for the repose of his soul, and saints invoked whose ikons or pictures are in the Church. Episcopal Bishop Nicholas of San Francisco, who invited the Russian Bishop, could not consistently do either. For the Thirty Nine Articles of the Anglican Episcopal Communion distinctly asserts, it "is a fond thing vainly invented and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture but rather repugnant to the Word of God." This knowledge communicated to his Right Reverend Brother of Russia, who witnesses to the Christian Faith held for eight hundred years, would be an insuperable barrier to Christian fellowship.

A symposium of Christian creeds will be held next month in Cincinnati. One member is to be selected from each to give reasons for his profession of belief. Archbishop Elder and Bishop Maes have given their approval to the movement and have selected a layman, Hon. W. A. Byrnes of Covington to represent the Catholic side. This is admirable. Pray our Patron Mary Immaculate for its success.

Bishop Messmer writes an able letter to Mr. Warren Mosher, the Secretary of the Eastern Organization strongly urging that there be harmony between the Eastern and Western Summer Schools, and that mutual aid be given by the lecturers and so make the movement national.

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AFRAID? NOT HE.

He Merely Wanted His Wife to Hold the Light For Him.

At 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, when all the people living on College avenue were fast asleep, there was commotion in one of the beautiful residences along that thoroughfare. It was the home of a merchant, and the commotion broke loose in the sleeping apartment of himself and wife. She started it.

She awakened suddenly and thought she heard some one trying to break in down stairs. She shook her husband, and after some time had elapsed succeeded in making him realize the situation. They both listened. There was some noise, sure enough, and a cold shiver crept down his spinal column and even to his toes.

He determined not to get scared, though his teeth were chattering, so he announced that he would go down and investigate.

"Aren't you afraid, dear?" nervously asked his wife.

He took out his revolver, struck a match, lighted a lamp and then looked at her in disgust.

"Afraid! Well, hardly. I never saw the man yet I was afraid of. Now, don't make any noise, but come on."

The little woman started in astonishment. "Do you want me to go too?"

"Do I want you to go? Why, of course I do. You must go ahead and carry the light so I can see to shoot. Do you think I could hit a burglar in the dark? Hurry up, or he'll be gone."

And that man made the little woman go ahead with the light, while he held the revolver over her shoulder at full cock. They traversed the house from garret to cellar, finally found a stray dog scratching at the back door and came back to bed. He sat up for an hour telling her what he would have done had there been a burglar there.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A HARD TASKMISTRESS.

The Late Rosina Vokes Took Her Art Rather Too Seriously.

The late Mrs. Clay, better known as Rosina Vokes, was a hard taskmistress. She took her art both seriously and rigidly and demanded the same from others. A young American girl during a one time connection with the Vokes company suffered extremely from a felon on her finger. Every movement of the arm gave her pain, and she was at length obliged to evade her required participation in "A Game of Cards," where the players clap hands, the one against the other. "You shirked your part last night, Miss Blank," Mrs. Clay took occasion to observe the following morning.

"I did," acknowledged Miss Blank, "for my finger is in such a condition, as you see, that present use of it is impossible."

"You will not shirk your part to-night, however," remarked Mrs. Clay, with an ominous gleam in her eye. The young American knew only too well that further remonstrance would probably result in her dismissal, so nothing more was said. That night, according to orders, she, with infinite pain, clapped hands briskly. At the first touch the blood gushed from her suffering finger; but, although her partner was Mrs. Clay, neither reference nor apology was made by that exacting star either then or afterward. "Still it was splendid training," said the young actress in later years. But to impartial, unprofessional outsiders such "training" smacks of tyranny.—New York Advertiser.

Speeches From Notes.

It is usually supposed by the lay reader that the greatest speeches made in congress are the result of long preparation and are delivered from voluminous notes. This is not always correct. The preparation may be all right, but in many cases notes do not exist at all. This may be illustrated from a little conversation I had with ex-Congressman John M. Farquhar. He was booked to speak at a reunion of veterans. Half an hour before he was announced to take the platform I approached and said: "Mr. Farquhar, I shall be glad to get an advance copy of your speech."

"My dear sir," he replied, "I never wrote a speech in my life and never shall. I never spoke from notes but once in my life. That was when I was in congress, and my speech occupied over four hours. My notes consisted of five words scribbled on a piece of paper. I have kept that piece of paper, and when I have joined the majority it may be considered an interesting souvenir to somebody."

I thought so too.—Buffalo News.

Our Future Population.

The territorial area of Japan is about one-twenty-fourth that of the United States, not counting Canada, which is likely some time to come in, and it supports 40,000,000 people. At this rate it is computed that the North American continent would sustain a population of 1,000,000,000. How soon that limit is to be reached may be remitted to the prophets and the statisticians, but it will come some time without doubt, requiring an increasingly wise type of statesman and politician on the way if we are to hold together and carry out the destinies which seem appointed to us.—New York Tribune.

Shell Sounds.

The peculiar murmuring sound, not unlike the ripple of the waves on a still evening, which we hear on placing a shell or other hollow object to the ear, is due to the fact that the concave surface concentrates and multiplies all different sounds around us, so as to render them audible. The many sounds always present in the air are augmented by the resonant cavity of the shell.—Science Journal.

Overheard on the River.

"You are nothing but a big bluff," remarked the river to the bank.

"Is that so?" retorted the bank. "If I take a notion to come down on you, your name will be mud."—Indianapolis Journal.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

An Experience Which Decided One Man in Forever Discrediting It.

"I do not believe that it is right to convict a prisoner on circumstantial evidence," said a prominent citizen. "Whenever I am inclined to believe a man guilty, I always remember an experience in my own life when, if I had been tried for murder on circumstantial evidence, I would have been proved guilty. Years ago I was living in another city. I was married to my second wife, and it was neighborhood talk that we did not agree on account of property and my children. We had had several quarrels, and our domestic relations were rather strained. My wife became desperately ill of fever, and it left her mind in rather a shattered state."

"She had become well enough one day to go out for a drive, and I of course accompanied her. We lived in a large house alone, and on returning she started up the front steps, and as she was weak I took hold of her to assist her. Just as I did so a former servant girl passed along, and she looked surprised, as my wife suddenly writhed in agony. She had rheumatism, and my grasping her caused her to feel very sensitively my touch and to almost shriek in pain. However, I managed to get her up to her bedroom, on the second story, and after she had lain down I went down to the stable to feed my horse."

"I was out of the house only a few seconds when I heard cries of help and saw several neighbors rush into my yard. I went hastily in the direction indicated, and, to my horror, found my wife lying prostrate under an open window in the side yard. She had fallen on the top of her head and would have had her brains dashed out, but by good fortune her head struck the soft soil of a flower bed. As it was, she was unconscious for several days, and I heard from various sources that ugly reports had been circulated to the effect that I had been seen by the servant referred to choking my wife, and that I had taken her up stairs and had pitched her out the window."

"Of course I knew that I was innocent, but how could I prove it? For weeks I passed through the most awful anxiety that any man ever did experience. The officers were shadowing my every movement, I knew, and I felt that all would be over with me if my wife should die. However, to my great joy, she recovered, and with her own lips told how the whole thing happened. I was at once reinstated in the good opinion of my friends, but sometimes I tremble even now when I think of what a narrow escape I had from being convicted of murder. I tell you appearances are often against the innocent, and this incident has always made me very charitable in my estimates of whether a man is guilty or not."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Bachelor's Fate.

A lonely old bachelor at Atchison sat on his porch the other evening, and in his great loneliness and desire to be made much of by one woman made up his mind that he would ask the seventh woman who passed, if unencumbered by a husband, to marry him. The first was a girl who wore red slippers and black stockings. The bachelor was critical and congratulated himself that he had said seventh instead of first.

The second had a dude by the arm. The third wore glasses and looked coldly at the giggling couple ahead of her. "Might as well go into the ice business," thought the bachelor. The fourth had three children with her and talked about papa as she passed the gate. The fifth wore widow's weeds. The sixth was such a modest, pretty girl of 19 that the bachelor wondered if he hadn't said sixth instead of seventh. Several minutes elapsed before the seventh came into view.

She had a graceful walk, and a nearer view showed she was not bad looking. "Might have done worse," he thought. She stopped as she reached the gate, turned and walked up the path. "By Jove, she is coming to take possession!" said the bachelor. "I have come," said the woman in a voice that somehow made the bachelor's blood chill, "to ask your influence in favor of the constitutional amendment." The bachelor gave a horse yell, threw up his legs and fled.—Atchison Globe.

A Satirical Picture in a Church.

There is probably only one church in Britain which contains a satirical picture. It is the little church of South Brent, in Somersetshire. On three oaken pews are carved pictures which were intended to satirize the greed of a certain religious dignitary at Glastonbury. This ecclesiastic is represented in the first picture as a fox dressed in robes and miter and holding a crook in his right paw. In the second picture the fox has been manacled by a flock of geese, and in the third the birds have revenged themselves on their foe by hanging him from the branch of a tree.—London Correspondent.

What He Lacked.

"My husband has all the virtues but one," remarked the wife of a struggling young doctor.

"What is that?" asked her sympathetic friend.

"Patients," replied the young wife.—New York Telegram.

The India Rubber Variety.

Guest—Waiter, bring me a steak and some mushrooms.

Waiter—Yes, sah. You'll have to wait a few minutes for de mushrooms, sah. They are being used on a steak for another customer jes' now, sah.—New York Herald.

The brother of Cetewayo, according to Rider Haggard, was at one time almost persuaded to become a Christian, but when he was told that he must put away his wives he refused to accept the condition.

The average growth in white oak is only about four one-hundredths of an inch a year.

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M'NALLY'S NERVE.

While Diamonds Were Rolling Upon the Floor He Coolly Puffed Away.

There is no doubt that Jimmy McNally, the king of the green goods men, is in town. He was in Martin's the other night with a very pretty girl he called Nellie. Sam Martin did not know him, or it is probable he would not have been there. McNally was pale and cold and quiet, and as usual sober. The girl was flushed and bright eyed and garrulous with wine. Her fingers were covered with diamonds, and her hair sparkled with the gems. A big diamond heart sparkled at her corsage, and an immense sunburst blazed at her belt.

McNally was drinking apollinaris. The girl was drinking wine. Two glances would not be necessary to tell where McNally got his secretiveness and craft. His eyes are deep set and fathomless; his face pale with the pallor of opium. With his mustache off he would look something like Riley Granman, the plunger. They have similar facial characteristics, and it may be that their incomparable nerve lies in this very peculiarity of square jaws and masklike faces.

McNally looks like a cynic. As the flushed girl chattered and talked he sat and listened with an indifference that amounted to carelessness. The hand that carried his glass to his lips was as steady as a rock, notwithstanding his years of dissipation and danger. He puffed his Egyptian cigarette with the air of a blasé man of the world. Finally the girl in hitching her chair back from the table caught one of the points of the big diamond sunburst against the edge, and in an instant the jewels were spraying down her gown and over the floor in a silver shower.

She did not faint or weep or get excited as other women would have done. She simply leaned back in her chair and laughed a low, childish laugh that was full of sincere amusement.

In the meantime the waiters were diving under tables and chairs for the scattered jewels. McNally never moved, and it is probable that his heart did not throb an iota the faster. He puffed away at his cigarette with the same marble impassiveness. One by one the diamonds were brought to the table, and for each one Nellie gave the lucky waiter a dollar. Three were still missing, however, and could not be found.

"Oh, let them go," cried the girl. "Jimmy will buy me some more. Won't you, Jimmy?"

McNally nodded his head affirmatively and puffed on.—New York Herald.

INCOME TAX FIGURES.

What Some New York Multimillionaires Will Have to Pay.

The metropolitan millionaires would have been delighted to hear that the president had vetoed the tariff bill carrying the income tax rider. Still, as they have considerable time to save up enough small change to meet this additional charge for being on the earth, they can economize or follow the Astor example of living in England. Some figures here are already at work ciphering out what some of these unfortunate people will have to shell out to help keep the country from going to demerit bowwows.

Uncle Sam's choicest victim here is William Waldorf Astor, who will contribute about \$152,225. But as his income is in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000 he will not be forced to negotiate a loan. Russell Sage and the Jay Gould estate rate next on the list. Then come the Vanderbilts, Plagier, Tiffany, C. P. Huntington, Rockefeller, the Goelitzes, Gerys, Havesemeyers and over a hundred others whose wealth runs from \$2,000,000 up to \$25,000,000. Andrew Carnegie is down on the list as being worth \$20,000,000, and his annual income is put at \$1,000,000, which will force him to pay tribute in the sum of \$20,000.

Thirty-eight fair possessors of fortunes ranging from \$40,000,000 down to \$2,500,000 have been named among the heavy taxables. Among them are two countesses, two duchesses and one lady. If Hetty Green doesn't succeed in keeping out of the taxgatherer's clutches, she will be forced to plank down \$40,000 annually. It will cost Mrs. Bradley-Martin, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, Clementine Furness and Sophia R. Furness about \$10,000 each.—New York Exchange.

Held by a Fish While His Child Drowned.

William Cooper of Fisher went fishing for muskellunge yesterday, taking his 4-year-old daughter along. He hooked a big muskellunge. He could not hold the fish until it opened its gills, and then Cooper thrust a hand in on either side. The inside of a muskellunge's gills are lined with little, sharp, bone-like protuberances, and the instant Cooper inserted his hands the fish closed the gills, and Cooper could not withdraw his hands.

A fearful struggle ensued between the man and the fish, in the midst of which a swish of the fish's tail knocked the little one overboard. Cooper was unable to get free, and he saw the child drown before his eyes. He finally released one of his hands and killed the fish with a hammer. Today he came here for treatment and told his story. His hands are much swollen and poisoned by contact with the gills, and the doctor says it will be a week or two before he regains the use of them. The muskellunge weighed about 85 pounds, according to Cooper's story.—Rogers City (Mich.) Dispatch.

Homeopaths Condemn the Common Chalice.

The Homeopathic Medical society of the county of Philadelphia, at their monthly meeting last evening at the Hahnemann Medical college, by resolution recommended the abolition by all churches of the common communion cup, or chalice, and the substitution of individual cups. The resolution was the outcome of the discussion of a paper on "Infection From the Communion Cup, the Necessity For Reform," read by Dr. G. M. Christine.—Philadelphia Record.

THE GAY COUNT.

His Brilliant Career Cut Short by Expulsion From His Chosen Field.

The Italian newspapers have lately been largely occupied with the case of Count Tscharnadieff, who, after a meteoric career in Turin, has been ignominiously expelled from Italy by order of the minister of the interior. His real identity has not yet been fully established. He arrived at Turin four months ago, took a fine house in a suburb and installed therein a beautiful young woman, who passed as the countess. The mansion was superbly furnished. There were 12 domestics, and in the stables were 14 horses. The pair drove about Turin in an open landau drawn by six horses and naturally attracted attention, although the local aristocracy suspected them from the first and would have nothing to do with them. The count gave charity with lavish hand and was always at home to poor people.

He finally began to dabble in anarchy and socialism. He was elected an honorary member of 25 workmen associations and announced his intention to become a candidate for the chamber of deputies. By this time he had attracted the attention of the central authorities at Rome, who decided that he was too dazzling and too mysterious a person for quiet going Italy, and he was ignominiously bundled off to the frontier with the so-called countess.

It is estimated that during his stay in Turin the count spent at least a half million francs, and he left very few debts behind. This apparent honesty, however, is evidently due to the suddenness of his expulsion, which upset the count's plans. The police say he has lived, and lived well, by his wits for years and is known as a dangerous and daring swindler in every European capital. The young woman is as much a mystery as the count himself. Nobody has been able to specify her nationality, for she speaks with fluency French, Spanish, Italian and Russian. Tscharnadieff bore a curious resemblance to Arton of Panama scandal fame and was for some time watched by French detectives.

THE VANDERBILTS.

The King of the Gossiping Dudes Freely Discusses a Family Affair.

It is now said that Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt is coming to New York to open the Fifth avenue house and will give at least one big ball to introduce her daughter Consuela to New York society.

What will poor Willie do then? It is known among his friends that he intends to come home this winter.

It is also known that he does not intend to live with Mrs. Willie.

Must the master of many houses go, then, to a hotel, like an ordinary traveler?

I don't attach much importance to the town house story, and Mrs. Vanderbilt is certainly not foolish enough to introduce a very young girl to society when she herself is under a cloud and people are saying that her husband's family won't speak to her.

That last is another statement that won't hold water.

Mrs. Willie K. hasn't done anything to deserve a snubbing from the Vanderbilts of all people.

It was her husband who left her and not she him. All the influences of the Vanderbilts have been directed toward a reconciliation, and certainly to snub the injured would not be conciliatory.

As a matter of fact, nobody knows anything about this couple's plans for the best of reasons. They don't know themselves.

Some day they may come together, talk it over, and "for the sake of the children," that time worn patch quilt, they may agree to let bygones go.

I hear it on the best of authority that there is no idea of a divorce in any contingency.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

From Different Points of View.

A tall, red haired man leaned over the kinetoscope in a Broadway establishment a few days ago, looking at Champion Corbett polish off that aspiring young pugilist, Peter Courtney. As he looked his big shoulders hitched convulsively, and his hands were clinched, as though he were countering every blow. When the knock-out came, a sneer overspread his countenance.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked a burly looking individual near the box office window.

"I think he is quite rude," was the reply, "but if ever he goes up against me he won't have the snap he had in you, Courtney."

"That's all right, Fitz," said the burly man, "but don't go into the fight thinking you are going to have a mule kicking garden. He can hit like a mule kicking garden."

"Well, all I've got to say is this—that if he makes some of the moves with me that he makes with you in that looking glass there I'll punch his head off."

Then Fitz buttoned up his long frock coat, threw back his shoulders and walked away.—New York Herald.

Sight Suddenly Restored.

Colonel J. M. Covington of Danville, Va., has had a peculiar experience or two with his eyes during the past three weeks. One morning he awoke to find that during the night the light had gone out from his eyes. He could distinguish people moving about and buildings, but that was all. He had to hire an amanuensis and have his correspondence read to and written for him. This continued until yesterday afternoon, when he took from his pocket an important letter he had received from his house and from force of habit glanced at its contents. He leaped to his feet in joyful surprise, for he discovered that the sight had been restored. He could read every line as easily as he ever could. He picked up a paper and found he could read it also, even to the small type used in the advertisements. He was the happiest man in Quincy last night.—Quincy Herald.

THE "OSLA" OSCILLATOR.

The Young Montenegrin's Invention and What Is Claimed For It.

Tesla's latest invention, the "oscillator," is one of the most remarkable appliances of the age. It is aptly described as being the core of a steam engine and the core of a dynamo, combined and given a harmonious mechanical adjustment. This combination constitutes a machine which has in it the potentiality of reducing to the rank of old bell metal half the machinery at present moving on the face of the globe. It may come to do the entire work of the engines of an ocean steamship within a small part of the space they now occupy and at a fraction of their cost both of construction, and operation. It will do this work without jar or pounding and will reduce to a minimum the risk of derangement or breakage. There is nothing in the whole range of mechanical construction from railway locomotives to stamp mills, which such an invention may not revolutionize.

The essential characteristic of the machine is the application of the pressure of steam to produce an extremely rapid vibration of a bar of steel or piston, which in turn is so adapted to a set of magnets that the mechanical energy of the vibration is converted into electricity. The extraordinary result is that practically an absolutely constant vibration is established, and a power is attained greatly beyond that obtainable in the most costly expansion engines using a similar amount of steam. Besides saving in mechanical friction the 35 per cent of loss in the working of the engine, the 15 per cent of loss by belt friction and the 10 per cent wasted in the dynamo, making altogether an addition of 60 per cent to the available energy obtained from the steam for the purpose of producing electricity, it is simpler, smaller and lighter than the mechanism it is destined to replace, absolutely constant in its action, automatically regulated and subject to the least possible amount of wear and tear. The utilization of this machine in any branch of industry would result in an appreciable lowering in the cost of production, and it is quite possible that its first general employment may be in electric lighting. In the face of this marvelous invention a recent statement of Tesla seems hardly no longer visionary. The young Montenegrin said, "I expect to live to be able to set a machine in the middle of this room and move it by no other agency than the energy of the medium in motion around us."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

IS MARS INHABITED?

Methods Employed by Modern Science to Find an Answer to This Question.

A striking example of the march of modern science is being given in the discussion which has been going the rounds of the learned over the question, Is Mars inhabited? The fact that such a debate is in progress is not of particular significance. Wandering Arabs of the desert have regarded the silent stars with thousands of such speculations from time immemorial, but learned doctors of theology, accustomed to discourse upon the standing room of a needle's point for angels, have waxed choleric and indignantly eloquent in these disputations over the habitability of the planets.

The moderns, however, refuse to attempt to prove such matters by hair splitting logic of the schools. They simply construct machinery to bring the planets nearer to the vision. So far as Mars is concerned, through the telescope they see that at certain seasons an accumulation of color of one kind surrounds the poles of the planet and runs down to the equator a certain distance. At some seasons these zones are larger than at others. Hence they conclude that Mars has seasons of some kind—possibly the color around the poles is snow and ice.

The spectroscopic reveals the presence of water on the planet. And each succeeding year brings into possession of humanity some new facts. Knowledge of the planets is limited only by the machinery of the astronomer. And in this fact lies the difference between the spirit of the ancients and moderns.—Kansas City Times.

Clay Loftus' Love.

I have heard that no young woman—not even Miss Nellie Bass, the heiress—ever received as many proposals of marriage in the course of one short year as did Miss Cissy Loftus during her brief, bright reign over the hearts of the jennies there. And her offers were good ones—at least many of them were, from a worldly point of view. There was at least one son of an earl, and a youthful and wealthy baronet, perhaps more, for all I know to the contrary, for Miss Loftus was not boastful, and there were at least half a dozen young men whose rent rolls or less aristocratic income touched \$10,000 a year. As for the ineligible, their name was legion, and there would have been more gossip about Miss Cissy's love affairs than there was had she not been so circumpect a maiden and so extremely youthful that her marriage seemed a remote contingency indeed.—London Letter in Boston Transcript.

Four Honeymoons With One Bride.

Philip Stutz, a farmer of this county, and his wife Mary have had a remarkable matrimonial career. Being lovers in childhood, they were early married, but failing to agree were divorced. After a few years they came together and were remarried. Again were they divorced and remarried, and even again did they secure a divorce and last week were remarried at New Albany, thus being three times divorced and remarried. Mr. Stutz is well to do, and as evidence that his wife can maintain herself in single blessedness she was, when last married, the owner of a large millinery store in New Albany. They declare their intention of separating no more.—Jeffersonville (Ind.) Letter.

Dead For Love At Seventy-three.

A story of disappointed love comes from Schillingen, in the district of Interburg, Germany. The victim of the malady in the present case was one Herr Jurkies, who was 73 years old. Jurkies had already had three wives and wished to marry a fourth. But the lady informed him that she thought him a little too old. He replied that if she continued in the same mind he would go into the forest and hang himself. The lady was firm, and Herr Jurkies carried out his threat. He hanged himself on a forest tree.

THE LONDON CRUSADE.

The Public More Interested In It Than In Any or All Other Subjects.

London en masse is vastly more interested in the matter of domestic morals than in the ominous events which threaten to make a deep impression on European history. The "Prudes on the Prowl" crusade has developed into a burning issue of deeper concern than any Parkhurst or Lexow committee doings in New York. Slow going, everyday London has apparently made up its mind that the restrictions which it has been attempted to impose upon places of amusement are an attack on public liberties which it is necessary to resent to no matter what extremity. It is difficult to give an idea of the intensity of the popular feeling displayed on both sides of the question. The Daily Telegraph, the most widely circulated newspaper in London, prints a page of letters daily on the subject and announces that this is only a tenth of the correspondence sent in. None of the newspapers has been able to ignore the question, and some of the literature on the subject in the public prints is simply amazing. It is unequaled in quantity and in the sentiments expressed by Mr. Stead's "Maiden Tribute," which made a worldwide sensation ten years ago.

The question is beginning to be clearly defined. It is not "Shall the social evil be suppressed?" Even the most extreme purist agitators do not undertake that herculean task. The issue really is, "Shall the social evil obtain even tacit official recognition in London?" All of the purists say no. All London, if one may judge by the newspapers, says yes. It is universally admitted that vice flaunts itself more boldly, more offensively in the streets of London than anywhere else on earth. Those who are opposing the renewal of the licenses of those music halls which are frequented by the demimonde make no attack upon this public evil because it is not recognized by law. They demand in effect that the women frequenting licensed music halls shall in some manner be driven to join the army on the pavement. It is on this point that the battle rages. Some of the opinions expressed are highly interesting.—London Cor. New York Sun.

THE EMPEROR'S WAY.

Showing a Sailor How He Would Act if Their Positions Were Reversed.

It was bound to come, and here it is. Having gradually filled many roles, the Emperor William has now added another to his repertoire. Alluding to it as a "good natured joke at Kiel," the London Daily News' Berlin correspondent tells the story thus:

"As the Emperor William was stepping on board his yacht the other day, he was met by a sailor named Joerg, who had in his hand a mug of beer, which he was carrying into the officers' cabin. The emperor was very much amused at the discomfort of the poor fellow, who did not know at first what to do and who finally saluted the emperor, holding the beer mug convulsively against the seam of his breeches.

"The emperor stepped up to the sailor and addressed him most amiably: 'See, Joerg, you have done that very stupidly. I will show you how one should behave in such a situation. Go up and imagine that you are the emperor, and I shall be the sailor Joerg. The poor fellow did not dare remonstrate. He had to come on board by the imperial gangway, and the Emperor William met him below in his new role of a sailor with a beer mug.

"When he saw Joerg, the emperor affected some embarrassment, but he then set the glass to his lips, emptied it completely, put it down on the ship's deck, and then made his salute. 'Do you see, Joerg? That is the way it must be done. Now, remember. And now go below and tell them to give you another glass of beer, and one for you too. If they question you, just tell them that I said so and that they should not be angry, for the beer was beautifully fresh and tasted very good.'"

The Casual English Middle.

The efforts of the London press to dabble in American personalities are always illuminating and frequently amusing. A woman's journal apologizes for the error in announcing the marrying of Miss Helen Gould with the son of Battenberg. "It should," the paper says, "have been Miss Anna Gould," and then to show that the statement was a mere slip of the pen and did not arise from any want of knowledge of the Gould family, root and branch, it goes on airily, "The young lady loses half her fortune if she marries without her brother Willie's consent." Another journal comments on the prince of Battenberg's possible marriage with Miss Jay Gould.—New York Times.

As to Dr. Holmes' Biography.

I asked Dr. Holmes only a month ago, as he was speaking calmly of the possibility that he might not see another birthday, if he had made any arrangements concerning a literary executor or biographer.

"No," said the old poet. "I must leave that to others to arrange. All my old friends are gone before me. Some one will be found to attend to it."

"Perhaps your son will do it," I suggested.

"Oh, no," said Dr. Holmes. "I do not think that he would care to trouble himself with it. It is not at all in his line. He prefers to devote himself wholly to law."—Boston Record.

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SONG.

Swallow, foretelling a rainy day,
Skimming the swaths of the new mown hay
Fly high, fly low,
I'd have you know.
Naught care I of tomorrow's weather,
For my love and I will be together.
And when that my love and I do meet—
"Sweet," did you say, little bird? "Sweet,
sweet!"

Swallow, foretelling a sunny sky
Merrily circling the poplars high.
Fly high, fly low;
I'd have you know.
Or skies be sunny, or day be drear,
Naught care I of the morrow's weather;
My love is coming and will be here;
My love and I will be together.
And when that my love and I do meet—
"Sweet," did you say, little bird? "Sweet,
sweet!"

—New York Tribune.

LAS' OB DE VARDENS.

In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, with no sound to disturb the quiet of the summer day save the murmuring of the pine trees as they whisper to each other some tale, perhaps of far other scenes than these, of days when the peaceful valley was such a scene of human strife that the birds and bees and even the sweet wild roses that thrived there in unmoisted possession disappeared to return in after years and find a picture of utter desolation.

It was while sojourning for a short time in the mountains overlooking the Shenandoah valley that I came across one of those living relics. She was only a poor old negro woman, who had been a slave and who, even after a quarter of a century of freedom, had almost failed to realize that she was free. There was nothing particular to recommend her to one's notice or call attention to her forlorn situation. She had been left alone in the world—in her own words, "the last of the Vardens"—and judging from the grand air with which she announced that fact would have seemed the idea that she needed sympathy or pity as she stood amid the ruins of what had been a grand old southern home before the war, the home of the Vardens.

All that remained of the house, two tumbling chimneys, was overgrown by some kind of vine, which gave a sort of picturesque beauty to the forsaken scene. A little to the left and just in sight of where the house had been was an enclosure, in the center of which stood a tall monument, surrounded by smaller gravestones, marking the last resting place of the Vardens, who seemed to have turned their back upon their earthly possessions and laid their joys all away beneath the shadow of their departed monument, leaving but one poor, crooked, feeble remnant of their departed greatness to occupy the rest of the estate and keep their memory green in her faithful old heart.

It was a warm day in June that I stood within the gates of Rocky Mead, as the place was called, and listened to a part of the family history of its former owner from the lips of old Juliette, who invited me to a seat under a large tree; then, seating herself near by, after apologizing for sitting in the presence of a white lady, she said: "I've powerful glad to see white folks 'n' de common trash wat libb down in de valley. De fust families is all dade cep'n de Campbells. Dey place is nex' to de alle. Our family war de bes' in Furginia." As she said this she straightened herself as much as age and rheumatism would permit.

"But," she continued sadly, "dey's all gone—all but me. I libb down in de ole quarters, do da is'n much left, oney one cabin, dat's mo'n big enuff fo' me, mos' times, but I gits de rainy in legs an han's den de work ain't big enuff. But I han's to stan a look after de place kase I'ze de las' one lef ob de family, an wen I meets ole. Marse Richard in de nex' worl he's boun to ax me bout de old place. Fust thing he gwine say, 'Juliette, you allus would be de las' one, but I reckon we'll all together now, an we unite in prayer, 'jess as he uster ebry evenin. Marse Richard war a mitey good man. Ole miss, she de boss. She uster say nobody eber gwine conker her, an shore enuff nobody neber did. She done all de conkerin. It war all long o' her dat my Miss Mary war forced to marry Marse Campbell's son, an den all de trouble come."

"My marster hab two sons, Marse Dick an Robert. Dey jine de army one mornin, an Miss Mary tease de life nearly outen me to go wid her down in de valley whar de fust water see de las' ob Dick and Bob. All de time I know she dyin to see Cap'n Hunter kase she dade in lub wid him, an me an Cap'n Hunter's boy, Long Jim, was co'tin too. But we all knowed ole miss don't sot her min on Miss Mary marryin Marse Will Campbell. He war orful rich, but he war ugly as satan—an I'ze de las' ob de young men in lub wid her, an she didn't care for none ob 'em, only Cap'n Hunter, an she say she gwine marry Jack Hunter ob nobody. Ole miss say de Hunters didn't b'long to de fust families, an ob Cap'n Hunter's temptid pay any 'tention to any chile ob her'n she 'posed to interfere. So co' so we das'n let her know 'at Cap'n Hunter war down dar in de cave under de hill wid Long Jim, waiten for me to fetch him a letter from Miss Mary jess if he didn't know she gwine break her neck allude to see hisself. Cap'n Hunter war de grandes' lookin man I eber sot my eyes on. He eyes fairly dade' when he saw us bofe comin, an he jes' tuk Miss Mary up in he arms an hole on to her an promise never let her go no more."

"But she blush all ober her face, an he say Jim to take de horse down to de stream to cool him off. So we tuk de horse up in de woods back ob de cave an tie him to a tree, whils me an Jim sot down on de grass. Bimeby we heard a big rumblin soon lek thunder an saw de smoke in de valley an Cap'n Hunter comin runnin o'des us wid Miss Mary lookin like a ghose. Cap'n Hunter kisse her han an squeeze it tight an say, 'Goodby, little sweetheart,' an she say, 'Goodby, Jack.' Den he jump on his

horse an rode away down into the noise an smoke. Miss Mary watch him till he all gone. Den I minds her dat ob old miss fin us out she gwine mek trouble for us. So we come back to de house. Aunt Maria met us at de do' an says, 'Dey's company in de parlor.' De minister an ole Marse Campbell wid his son an ole miss, dressed up wid her white lace cap on. Ole Marse Richard away at de wah. Miss Mary say she want be by herself, en ef anybody ax for her I'ze say she have a headache 'kase she wouldn't see de Campbells den. But, honey, ole miss didn't ax me nuthin. She jess walk right in an say, 'Put Miss Mary' bes' dress on her, Juliette.'

"Den she tote Miss Mary somp'n' bottle ole Marse Campbell gwine tek all de lan an de house kase Marse Richard owe him so much money, an den she an marster have no home in dey ole age, an it break her father's heart ef he eber come back an de place gon' out de family, an she say ef she love her father she gwine come right down an get married to Marse Will. Miss Mary lub her father mor'n anything, an ole miss talk an talk, an Miss Mary kepe her eyes on de big diamond ring dat Cap'n Hunter gin' her in de morn'n, wiles de tears rollin down her cheeks, an she ax es dey no other way, an her mother say dat wen she marry Marse Will he gwine mek her present ob de notes wid Marse Richard's name on 'em. Den de Campbells place be jined to ourn, an it be de biggest 'state in de county. An she tell her how lek her father git shot in de wah an bring home an de isn't no home to come to, so dat settle it. Miss Mary sot orful still for a minute lek she thinkin, an den she say, 'I'ze ready for my father's sake, jess for him.' She wouldn't put on no other dress, but she say wait for me here, Juliette, an she walk down in de parlor, an I went down and peep fro a crack in de do. Miss Mary hol her lef han behin her, an Marse will put de ring on her right han. She never look up once, an when ole Marse Campbell give her de note wid Marse Richard wrote to him tote de lan she han it to ole miss. Den Miss Mary ax 'em all leave her alone for one hour, an she come up to her room. In co'se I'ze waitin for her. She lock de do' ag say, 'Juliette, be quick as you kin, an hep me put on dat grey suit ob Brer Bob's.' I ax her wot she gwine do. She say: 'Don't ax any questions. I'ze gotter hurry,' so I hep her dress. We bofe so nervous dat we got de close ob Campbells would come to fetch her, 'fore she got de things on. But dey didn't, an when she all drest in Marse Robert's school uniform she look jess like he did de last time he wore 'em. Den she say to me: 'I'ze gwine down dar in de valley, an I'ze neber comin back no mo'. I want you to tell father dat I sole my han to Will Campbell, wiles my heart an sole already belong to Jack Hunter.'

"Den she put her arms roun my neck an cry lek a baby, an we bofe crept down de back stairs an out fro de kitchen do', an she say goodby to me an tote me go back to de room an wait till her mother come there to git her. I'ze so skeart I couldn't think. Presently I hear ole miss callin, 'Miss Mary, Mary, come down.' I jess keep still as de grave till ole miss open de do' an says, 'Whar Miss Mary?' 'Las' I said, 'I dunno.' Den she skeart de trufe outen me, but I mix it all up, so dey couldn't understand. Fust I say she gone up de hill. Wen dey say of she tuk de road to de right han or de lef, I say she went down to de river, an all de time Miss Mary gainin on 'em. Wiles we all talkin one ob de Miller boys come in an say dat ole miss done been killed. Ole miss turn white as a sheet an 'pear like she gwine ter fall, an I so lonesome dat I sot down in de do' an cried."

"Jess as de sun war settin I look down de road an see Long Jim runnin to de do de house. I ax him ef he got any news ob my Miss Mary, an he say Cap'n Hunter shot right fro de bress, an jess as he fall Miss Mary run, cryin to him dat she his little sweetheart, an beg him to don't die. He know her do' she got on boy's close, an he smile at her till he dade. Jim drug de body onto de grass, an Miss Mary march right up to de front. Treckly she los' in de smoke ob de cannon, an wen de smoke clar away Jim he foun her body all covered wid blood an dust, an he lay her 'long-side de cap'n."

"Soon after dat in one ob de big battles Marse Dick an Marse Bob both killed. Nobody lef' but ole miss an me. 'Aunt Mary an Milly dun run away wid a nigger's sojer from up norf, an one night de house was set on fire an burn to de ground, wid all de onthouses, cep'n de cabin, whar I'ze libbed eber since. Ole miss she run out ob de house in her nightgown an got a fever an died at ole Marse Campbell's. I'ze de only one ob de family dats lef'."

"I'ze de las' ob de Vardens."—Washington Star.

The millionaire from the east took a meal a la carte in a western restaurant, and when he came to pay his bill he called for the landlord.

"Here, landlord," he exclaimed, "this is too much. I won't pay it."

"What's the matter, sir?" replied the landlord very obsequiously.

"I say the bill is too much. You've got me charged \$1 for two eggs. What's that for? Are eggs so scarce?"

"N-o, sir," hesitated and stammered the landlord, "but millionaires are."

Evidently Meant For Commerce.

"No," said Mr. Haicote, "I ain't goin to pay no \$10 for this suit. It's secondhand."

"Vat?" shouted Mr. Acheimer.

"I say it is secondhand. Secondhand close is them that has been wore, ain't they? An didn't I have to wear the suit when I tried it on?"

SYRACUSE'S SAPPHO.

The Woman Who Wants to Be an American Poet Laureate and President.

Syracuse has an aspirant for the position of poet laureate of America. But, being a loyal member of the Union, she does not wish to be called by a title as suggestive of the effete monarchies as "poet laureate" and has therefore declared in favor of "national poetess."

She is Mrs. Sarah Ulrich Kelley, and she modestly describes herself as hymn writer and prospective national poetess of the United States, nominated by a very large majority of editors.

Mrs. Kelley is a remarkable woman. She proposes not only to be national poetess, but president as well. She intends to sing herself into glory, dominion and power. As poetess laureate of these great United States it will be but a step to the presidential chair, for by the act which congress must adopt her salary will exceed that of the chief justice of the supreme bench and will be inferior only to that of the president himself.

Concerning this vital feature of her set plan, Mrs. Kelley said: "If I were national poet, I should give all my salary away. I will leave the question of compensation to congress, but I want it fixed at \$12,000 a year."

Mrs. Kelley has liberal notions as to the treatment of men when she is president. Her cabinet, she says, will not be composed entirely of men or women, but there will be a fair and equitable compromise. She thinks that Susan B. Anthony's great mistake lies in her attitude toward men.

An example of Mrs. Kelley's poetry, called "Syracuse in a Rainy Day," has some gems of thought. She says, referring to a war claim which she has against the government:

I hope dear congress kindly pays me my just war claim.

For what he spent for comrades when he gained the hero's fame.

I trust the fifty-third will appoint me laureate. I made a great sacrifice. I fought and died in state.

—New York World.

MORE RESPECT FOR JAPANESE.

Held in Higher Popular Estimation Since Their Victories in Korea.

A local effect of the war in the orient is the increased respect in which the Japanese in and about this city are held. For years their greatest complaint was that they were constantly confounded with the Chinese, whom they hate and despise as an inferior race. Now that the superiority of the Japanese has been brought to the public notice in the most unmistakable manner they have risen many degrees in the public estimation and are no longer hooted and jeered at as "Chinks" or "washee washees." A young Japanese medical student, a graduate of an American college, who lives in a colony of orientals not far from the bridge in Brooklyn, spoke of this to a reporter.

"Nothing could have been of so great benefit to the Japanese in this country," said he, "as our victories in the Chinese war. Our constant struggle here has been to get recognition as a separate race, but even your intelligent classes seemed to make no difference between us and the Mongols. 'Oh, he's a Chinaman or a Japanese or something,' people would say, as if it were all the same thing. But what we might not have been able to secure for a generation this war has done for us in a few months, and we find ourselves recognized as being on the same plane with intelligent Europeans who come over here. The fact is that no other race so soon learns the American customs and language."

Then he related this illustration of the changed feeling toward the Japanese. He was walking along the street when he met two small boys. One of them shouted:

"Get on to the Chink! Hi, Chink, got a washee—N"—

"Shut up, you chump," the other boy said to him. "That ain't no Chink. That's a Jap. You'll git hurted if you fool with them. Them Japs is scrappars."—New York Sun.

It Made Him Light Headed.

Candidates for poet laureate still abound. An Edinburgh bard lately wrote to the first lord of the treasury that he was fully competent to fill the post, and that he was willing to do the work at the old salary. Another aspirant, known as the Aberdeen Loonie, recently placed his services at the disposal of Lord Rosebery in a letter with this postscript: "If you should happen to have another man in your eye for the laureateship, I will be thankful for a government post of any kind in the meantime, or a suit of your castoff clothes, for that matter." The letter was acknowledged by Lord Rosebery, who knew better than to wound a poet's sensitive feelings. The result in this case was so lively a celebration on the part of the applicant for the laureateship that he was brought into the police station. In answer to the charge he said: "Excuse me. I had a letter from Lord Rosebery, and it went to my head."

A New Mode of Dueling.

Gil Blas, a lively organ published in Paris, gives a description of a duel in India between two English officers, whose names are given, which it is possible will be the first news that those gentlemen receive of the encounter. It appears that they caused a venomous serpent to be shut up in a dark room. An hour later the two adversaries simultaneously entered the room by different doors. Ten minutes afterward one of them was bitten and died within a short time. As for the other, whose hair had turned completely white, he is to be court martialed.—London Tit-Bits.

Only Four Left.

Since the death of Holmes there are only four surviving members of the class of 1829 of Harvard—namely, Dr. Edward L. Cunningham of Newport, R. I.; the Rev. Samuel May, the class secretary, of Leicester; the Rev. Samuel F. Smith of Newton, the author of "America," and Charles S. Storow of Boston.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low red trundle bed.
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice stream-
ed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call.
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint today,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then
When I was a boy—a little boy!

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

SILENT SISTERS.

They had quarreled in girlhood and mutually declared their intention never to speak to each other again, wetting and drying their forefingers to the accompaniment of an ancient childish incantation, and while they lived on the paternal farm they kept their foolish oath with the stubbornness of a slow country stock, despite the alternate coaxing and chastisement of their parents, notwithstanding the perpetual everyday contact of their lives, through every vicissitude of season and weather, of sowing and reaping, of sun and shade, of joy and sorrow.

Death and misfortune did not reconcile them, and when their father died and the old farm was sold up they traveled to London in the same silence, by the same train, in search of similar situations. Service separated them for years, though there was only a stone's throw between them. They often stared at each other in the streets. Honor, the elder, married a local artisan; 2½ years later Mercy, the younger, married a fellow workman of Jane's husband. The two husbands were friends and often visited each other's houses, which were on opposite sides of the same sordid street, and the wives made them welcome. Neither Honor nor Mercy suffered an allusion to the breach. It was understood that their silence must be received in silence.

Each of the sisters had a quiverful of children, who played and quarreled together in the streets and in one another's houses, but not even the street-fights and mutual grievances of the children could provoke the mothers to words. They stood at their doors in impatient fury, almost bursting with the torture of keeping their mouths shut against the effervescence of angry speech. When either lost a child, the other watched the funeral from her window, dumb as the mutes.

The years rolled on, and still the river of silence flowed between their lives. Their good looks faded. The burden of life and of their childbearing was heavy upon them. Gray hairs streaked their brown tresses, then brown hairs streaked their gray tresses. The puckers of age replaced the dimples of youth. The years rolled on, and Death grew busy among the families. Honor's husband died, and Mercy lost a son, who died a week after his wife. Cholera took several of the younger children. But the sisters themselves lived on, bent and shriveled by toil and sorrow even more than by the slow frost of the years.

Then one day Mercy took to her death-bed. An internal disease, too long neglected, would carry her off within a week. So the doctor told Jim, Mercy's husband.

Through him the news traveled to Honor's eldest son, who still lived with her. By the evening it reached Honor.

As Honor entered Mercy's sickroom, with pursed lips, a light leaped into the wasted, wrinkled countenance of the dying creature. She raised herself slightly in bed, her lips parted, then shut tightly, and her face darkened.

Honor turned angrily to Mercy's husband, who hung about impotently. "Why did you let her run down so low?" she said. "I didn't know," the old man stammered, taken back by her presence even more than by her question. "She was always a woman to say nothin'."

Honor put him impatiently aside and examined the medicine bottle on the bedside table.

"Isn't it time she took her dose?"

"I dessey."

Honor snorted wrathfully. "What's the use of a man?" she inquired as she carefully measured out the fluid and put it to her sister's lips, which opened to receive it and then closed tightly again.

"How is your wife feelin now?" Honor asked after a pause.

"How are you now, Mercy?" asked the old man awkwardly. The old woman shook her head. "I'm a-goin fast, Jim," she grumbled weakly, and a tear of self pity trickled down her parchment cheek.

"What rubbidge she do talk," cried Honor sharply. "Why d'ye stand there like a tailor's dummy? Why don't you tell her to cheer up?"

"Cheer up, Mercy?" quavered the old man hoarsely.

But Mercy groaned instead and turned fretfully on her other side, with her face to the wall.

"I'm too old; I'm too old," she moaned. "This is the end o' me."

"Did you ever hear the like?" Honor asked Jim angrily as she smoothed his wife's pillow. "She was always consoled about her age, settin herself up as the equals of her elders, and here am I, her elder sister, as carried her in my arms when I was 5 and she was 2, still hale and strong, and with no mind for underground for many a long day. Nigh three times her age I was once, mind you, and now she has the impudence to talk of dyin before me."

She took off her bonnet and shawl.

WEBSTER'S SMALL FEES.

The Great Lawyer's Income Was Unusually Limited Even For His Day.

One of our correspondents has been so lucky as to fall in with a little leather covered book, like those of bank depositors, which contains Daniel Webster's autograph record of his legal receipts. This chronicle fills 28 pages and extends a little more than from 1833 to 1836 inclusive. The first entry, dated September in the former year, is of \$50, and the second of \$20, for retaining on the New Hampshire circuit. The first fee of \$1,000 was paid in May, 1834, by a Mr. Badger. Services regarding Cilley's will commanded \$800. The total amount for the first year was footed up as \$13,140, with the remark, "Sept. 22, 1834, thus done and concluded."

A similar summing up appears at the close of each other year. The second total is \$15,183.74; the third is \$21,793. The first entry of \$2,000 was in 1835, March 7; the first of \$3,000 Dec. 7 in the same year. The last payment was in respect to Florida land. The largest single honorarium was \$7,500. In February of the fourth year \$5,000 is set down as bestowed in a case of Trinity church, New York.

In turning over this record leading metropolitan and even provincial lawyers are astonished that Webster, although 20 years in Boston, so undervalued his services. He learned better at last. When Robert C. Winthrop looked at the earliest date, he said, "That's just the time that I was ending my studies in Webster's office," and the chirography led him to add that Webster never wrote a firm hand. Nobody surveyed the relic with more interest than Dr. O. W. Holmes. Among other things he said: "Had the influx been tenfold, Webster's purse would have remained empty still. Had its capacity received like the sea, whatever entered there would have run off like water from the back of a duck."—New York Post.

PROPHETIC VICTOR HUGO.

His Startling Prediction About Napoleon III Came True.

The Duc de Morny, Napoleon's mouthpiece, actually wrote these truly infamous words: "If you arrest Victor Hugo, do what you will with him."

It was soon after this, when Napoleon, wading through blood, trampling upon women and children, persecuting and silencing all that was best in France, confirming his throne by bribery, corruption, imprisonment, banishment and wholesale murder—it was at such a moment, this adventurer having got himself accepted by the courts of Europe as the ruler of the French, that Victor Hugo hurled against the "Man of December" these truly appalling but prophetic words:

"Let us not slay this man. Let us keep him alive. A superb punishment! Oh, if one day he might pass along the highway naked, bowed down, trembling as the grass trembles at the wind, under the execration of the whole human race! People, stand aside! The man is marked with a sign! Let Cain pass. He belongs to God."

An eyewitness described to me Napoleon III as he appeared on the evening before Sedan—an old, bowed down looking man, stooping on his horse, the dye washed out of his hair, his mustache dragged, passing unsaluted by his own officers, with the common soldiers grinding their teeth and muttering curses upon him. Had this vision risen before the eyes of the prophet poet in 1852, his words could hardly have been more aptly chosen.—H. R. Howells in Independent.

The Chanler Girls.

Miss Alida Chanler, the last young woman to be reported engaged to George Vanderbilt, belongs to the Chanler family, who are prominent not only because of their social position and wealth, but on account of their strong individuality. Miss Chanler is a sister-in-law of Amelia Rives, her oldest brother being Armstrong Chanler.

There are three Chanler girls, each with pronounced ideas and views of her own. Miss Margaret Chanler is devoted to woman's rights and Miss Bessie Chanler to art, but at the same time is fond of society. The youngest of the family is Miss Alida, whose hobby is society.

She is a tall, handsome brunette, who is fond of all sorts of sport, and a girl who will undoubtedly make a brilliant match, even though she may not marry that most prominent of bachelors, Mr. George Vanderbilt.—New York Herald.

Silvering Mirrors.

Mirrors are usually silvered by coating the glass with amalgam. For this purpose a large, perfectly flat stone is provided, and upon it is evenly spread a sheet of tin foil without crack or flaw. This is covered to the depth of one eighth of an inch with clean mercury. The plate of glass, perfectly cleaned from all grease and impurity, is floated on to the mercury by sliding, so as to exclude all air bubbles. It is then pressed down by loading it with weights, in order to press out all the mercury which remains fluid. This is received in a gutter around the stone. After about 24 hours it is gently raised upon its edge, and in a few weeks it is ready to frame.—Family Journal.

His Shirt.

"What do you charge to wash a shirt?" inquired the man at the counter in the laundry.

"What kind of a shirt?" asked the clerk, with his mind on outing shirts, dress shirts, negligees and the various other possibilities in that line.

"A dirty shirt," replied the man, and the clerk fell in a faint.—Detroit Free Press.

Lived on Water.

Old Lady—Poor man! So you've been living on water for three days. Here's a quarter.

Rollingstone—Yes'm. I was workin me way on a canalboat—Opelika (Ala.) People's Choice.

A Preposterous Suggestion.

"Why don't you take your new hat off in the theater and let people behind you see?"

"Goodness gracious! What do you think I bought it for?"—Boston Gazette.

AT THE MEADOW GATE.

To be here, love, were ever sweet,
With thy fair figure drawing nearer,
Each bending down that tripe thy feet
Has made the dewy pathway dearer.

What waiting heart that does not know
The step that quickens in its beating?
When cheeks, though lips are silent, glow
With pleasure, is there need of greeting?

If, dear, thy form with feeling stir
Till in thine eyes the lovelight flashes
And eyes become love's messengers,
Why prison them in drooping lashes?

—Charles E. Bolton in Detroit Free Press.

SOBERING UP IN TURKISH BATHS.

The Biblical Rounder's Sure Method of Having a Clear Head Next Morning.

"Hardly a week passes," said the manager of an up town Turkish bath establishment, the doors of which are never closed, "that we are not called upon to certify to the fact that some gentleman has passed the night with us. The all night business is to a great extent made up from gentlemen who have drunk a little more than is good for them. They do not want to go home in that condition and are anxious to be all right in the morning.

"They come in here, take a sweat, a shampoo, a plunge and a rubdown and are then prepared for a refreshing sleep, awakening in the morning little the worse for the indiscretion of the early evening before. That the explanation of their whereabouts is not satisfactory to wives or parents in many instances I judge from the frequency of application for proof of the same.

"Not long since a lawyer's clerk went over the register of our patrons for a period of two years, and, fortunately perhaps for the gentleman in whose interest the research was made, found his autograph (written quite frequently in a very unsteady hand) over 50 times in that period. I have since heard that this proof prevented the filing of a divorce suit that would have created a sensation within the select 150 of the chosen Four Hundred. I am thinking very seriously of getting up a printed form, like one I am told was once used in a Denver bathhouse, which when filled up would read something like this:

(Seal.) Scrubard's Turkish Bath,
New York, Oct. 6, 1904.
This is to certify that Mr. Small J. entered this establishment at 11 p. m., Oct. 5, and left at 10 a. m. of this date.
A. NORTON, Clerk.
J. BROMIDE, M. D.,
Resident Physician.
—New York World.

To Whiten the Hands.

Coarse and red hands may be whitened by using a few grains of chloride of lime added to warm soft water for washing. All rings and bracelets must be removed before this is used, as the chloride of lime will tarnish them. A soap containing this ingredient may be prepared as follows: White powdered caustic soap, 1 pound; dry chloride of lime, 1½ to 2 ounces. Mix and beat this up in a mortar to a soft mass with a sufficient quantity of rectified spirit. Divide the mass into tablets and wrap it up in oil silk. It may be soaked by adding to the mixture a couple of drops of oil of verbena. In using chloride of lime it is very important to be careful to avoid getting any of the powder into the eyes, as it is exceedingly irritating and may even cause blindness.—Popular Magazine.

Lamont's Hobby.

Politics is Lamont's hobby. Dan would rather talk politics than eat. Mrs. Lamont once told me that she was frequently awakened at night by Dan's talking politics in his sleep. His knowledge of New York politics is encyclopedic. He knows every politician in New York city of any note and could off-hand give a good biographical sketch of them all. He knows the name of every member of every congressional, state, senatorial, assembly and county Democratic committee. He's thoroughly familiar with the political history not only of this country and New York, but of every other state in the Union and of every country in Europe. Lamont is not in politics for what there is in it in a financial sense. He's in it simply because he loves it. It's his hobby.—Rochester Post-Express.

Warmth in Old Age.

In old age remember that warmth and an even temperature are just as essential to the welfare of the aged as proper food. Many old persons die from bronchitis, for example, induced by exposure to a temperature which, harmless to the young and middle aged, acts severely on the lungs of the old. The bedroom of an old person should be kept at a heat of not less than 60 degrees, and naturally chills should be especially guarded against. In respect of the feeding of the aged, second childhood is like the first childhood. "Little and often" is the motto, and old people should have their food given them in a state of easy digestion, above all things.—New York Dispatch.

Not at Breakfast.

English Sparrow.—Mr. Swallow, join me at breakfast tomorrow. I have invited a company of gay birds, and we will have a jolly time.

Mr. Swallow.—Make it dinner, and I will accept. Look at my swallow tail. I don't want to be taken for a Chicago bird.—New York Herald.

Reassured.

"Jonah," expostulated the whale, "do keep still."

"Certainly," answered the famous man, "now that I know where I am. I wasn't sure but I had been caught in a folding bed, don't you know."—Detroit News-Tribune.

The most splendid pair of shoes on record were those worn by Sir Walter Raleigh on great court occasions. They were of buff leather, covered with precious stones and valued at \$85,000.

In shipping potatoes in extremely cold weather paper inside and outside of the barrel affords the best protection known.

A CUNNING REPTILE.

The Various Clever Devices He Used to Deceive His Discoverer.

A correspondent of The Popular Science News tells the following strange story:

While searching for snails I turned over an old log and disturbed a snake, called by our negroes a "spreading arrow." The tactics pursued by this snake were curious.

First he erected his head and neck and flattened them out till they seemed no thicker than cardboard, thus increasing his apparent size, as he took care not to be seen edgewise. The shape of his head changed. It took a pronounced triangular form—similar to the heads of our most venomous snakes. Then his tail, with the aid of a dry leaf, was proclaiming that it was the tail of a rattlesnake.

All this, coupled with an ominous hiss, was calculated to strike terror to the heart of his disturber, as for a moment it did. I regained my courage, however, and began to poke the serpent gently with a stick, when, finding "bluster" of no avail, he sought safety in flight.

Repeated "headings off" showed him how futile were his efforts in that line, and he altered his tactics again. He turned on his back and remained motionless. I threw him six feet from the ground, and so quickly did he turn over that he seemed to strike on his back.

Once on his back, nothing could induce him to move. Tapping, prodding, twisting his tail—all were in vain. Then I suspended him from the limb of a tree, retreated a little and watched. At the end of two minutes the reptile moved. Slowly he turned on his spinal column as on an axis, surveyed the premises, and seeing nothing dangerous dropped to the ground and was making off.

At my approach he died again. After sundry proddings, which failed to move him, I rewarded him for his cleverness by giving him the liberty that he certainly had earned.

SEALS ARE FOND OF MUSIC.

And Hunters Use Sweet Sounds to Get Them Within Reach.

"Seals are very fond of music," said G. L. Tompkins of New Bedford, Mass., "and the hunters who pursue them most successfully usually make use of some musical instrument to attract them. I have a distinct recollection of the first seal hunt I ever went on. Early one morning I, in company with about a dozen others, set out in a rowboat for a spot where the seals were said to be plentiful. The boatmen dipped their oars slowly in the water and sung in unison a weird, wild song in a peculiar undertone. To me, being uninitiated in the sport, this seemed to be a curious accompaniment to a seal hunt, but I was still more surprised when one of the men produced a flute and played on it a quaint, sympathetic air.

"The effect of the music was soon evident, as dozens of seals poked their heads up, some remaining basking on the water, while others clambered up on the ledges of rock, charmed almost to unconsciousness by the music. Steering the boat to the shore, the musician all the while keeping up the plaintive air, one of the men jumped out. He carried with him a huge club and a long sharp knife. Noiselessly creeping to where some of the seals were lying on the rocks listening intently to the music, he dealt one of them a terrible blow on the head with the club, stunning it, and then made short work of the poor animal with his knife. In the same manner we secured 11 fine seals before night."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Shooting in France.

Shooting is probably the most universally popular sport in France. Almost every man is, has been or will be a "chasseur." It is a healthy exercise, inexpensive, since 20 persons can unite to hire the lease of as many acres, and is unattended with risk of disappointment, as the unlucky sportsman can always buy a rabbit at the dealer's to bring home to his wife. The French government annually issues 850,000 licenses, which bring in about £400,000. The largest number of these permits is delivered in the departments of Gironde, Bordeaux, Bouches du Rhone, Marseilles and Seine et Oise, on account of their nearness to Paris, about 18,000 in each. The department of the Seine, in which Paris is situated, is responsible only for 9,000 licenses, there being very little real country in it.—London News.

His Meaning Illustrated.

A lawyer was cross questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"Ize a carpenter, sir."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declar, I dunno how ter explain any mo', 'cept to say hit am jes' de same diffence 'twixt you and er first class lawyer."—Macon Telegraph.

A Discriminating Observer.

"Those two men seem mighty badly worked up," said the messenger boy, who was coming up stairs backward so as not to miss anything. "They're calling names at each other and do one another."

"What is it?" asked the bookkeeper.

"A fight?"

"Naw! I thought they was fighters, but I guess they're only pugilists."—Washington Star.

It Is Often the Case.

"Mrs. Bolton is looking extremely well. What do you attribute it to?"

"The dressmaker, of course, dear."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

GODS MADE TO ORDER.

The Chinese Variety Are of Both Sexes and All Sizes and Prices.

Chinese josses come from Amoy and Canton, where there are joss factories which supply Celestials with any shape, design or size desired. Josses are either male or female. If the former, they are fat and ungainly; if the latter, they are possessed of four arms.

The making of these images is simplicity itself, the manufacturers relying upon wooden or metal molds. These are filled with wet clay, which dries, is then touched up, dipped in molten glaze and allowed to cool. An average workman can make a hundred gods in a day. The clay used is kaolin and is shaded from red and gray to white and costs about a cent a pound. A good jossmaker can earn from 20 to 40 cents a day, while an image costs to make on an average about 3 cents. Natives pay 5 cents for them; foreigners, \$5. Josses can be made in all colors, opaque, transparent or colorless. The most effective work is made by painting the clay with thick white paint and then dipping it in the glaze. Chinese curio dealers are very fond of antique josses, as they can be planted and dug up to order from the time of Confucius to the present day. The most popular is the "black joss." This is made by painting a kaolin cast with paint made of tar, bitumen, shellac or varnish, wrapping it in paper and then firing it in a furnace. In this way any shade of black can be obtained, and the color breaks through, as can be proved by burning.

The josses carved from wood and covered with gaudy colors are often very ancient. The prices vary from a few cents to \$500 or more, according to the size, workmanship and amount of decorations. They range in size from an inch to 10 or 12 feet. In the larger sizes the carving is of a superior quality and the coloring admirable. Josses carved out of stone are rare and expensive. Those made of jade, pale green or light blue, fetch marvelous prices, while white, yellow or brown are almost as expensive. One of these, belonging to Lin, the ex-governor of Formosa, is about 8 inches high and is valued at \$10,000. It is said to be 1,500 years old. In Fuchan they make josses out of steelite and selenite of various colors. The stone is so soft that the manufacturer, by rubbing the newly made images with sand, can produce a most deceptive antique appearance.—New York World.

Pledged to Suicide.

"There are five men in Deadwood who once belonged to the same suicide club," said T. B. Wortham. "They constituted the entire membership and don't often speak of it. A solemn compact was made that they should hold monthly meetings, at each one of which the members drew balls, one being black and its holder being obligated by oath to kill himself before the next meeting, the last one to hold a solitary dinner and destroy himself. The meetings, with the exception of the last one, were held, and in each case the victim disappeared, first settling up all of his affairs and leaving a farewell letter to his associates. No bodies were found, however. One day, on the principal street of Deadwood, a crowd collected, and in it were all five of the supposed suicides. They had all gone west and drifted to Deadwood. The story got out some way, and their lives were made miserable by it for a time, but they have succeeded in quieting it down, and are all doing well."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Goldenrod's Peculiarity.

Probably a great many people who travel have failed to notice that the period of blooming of the goldenrod does not begin first in the south and move northward, but apparently in the other direction—from north to south. In some places in northern Vermont and New Hampshire goldenrod of the common field and railroad track variety is in profuse bloom as early as the 10th of July. On the Kennebec river the other day a traveler noted that the goldenrod was much more golden and less tinged with green than it is in Malden or Cambridge, Mass. And the place where the plant is latest of all in yellowing apparently is Cape Cod, where the dwarf seaside variety, most common there, hardly begins to do itself justice before September. It is possible that the northern goldenrod ripens before that farther south for the same reason that Indian corn ripens earlier in Vermont than it does in Virginia—it has got to ripen earlier if it is going to ripen at all.—Lewiston Journal.

An Improvement in Electric Bells.

One of the most objectionable qualities of the electric bell is its uniform noisiness and shrillness. There are many places in which an alarm of a less aggressive and peremptory nature is desirable, and it is surprising that a "quiet" electric bell has not been manufactured for use in offices, hotels or private houses. The bell can be adjusted to make as much or as little noise as may be needed. Its principal feature is that it can be used either as a slow striking bell, a single stroke bell or as an ordinary trembling bell, according to the way it is connected on.—Philadelphia Press.

Remarkable Vision.

An old woman who had been in the infirmary with sore eyes told a neighbor that the doctor took out her eyes and scraped them with lances. "Nonsense, woman," replied the other. "Ye shouldn't believe all ye hear. The doctors would only be stuffing ye." "Oh, but ye know it's no use saying that, for I awakened up out of the chloroform and saw both of my eyes lying on the table."—Montreal Star.

Leuvenhoek says that 4,000,000 webs, spun by young spiders when they first begin to use the spinneret, are not, if twisted together, as great in diameter as a hair from a human head.

Black gold is a natural alloy of gold and bismuth.

WHERE THE BRAVEST QUAKE.

And Often the Anticipation Is Worse Than the Realization.

Most men will face a galling gun with less nervousness than they will a dentist. It is hard to say why, but a dentist's chair is a more terrible object to the average mortal than a surgeon's operating table, and nearly every dentist can tell stories of ordinarily courageous men who have backed out of an engagement at the last minute.

One young Chicagoan, with plenty of nerve ordinarily, knows of a dentist whom he studiously avoids on account of a sudden and unaccountable weakening at the critical moment. And the dentist—well, the dentist would probably like to see the young man. The latter had been troubled with a toothache for about a week and at last made up his mind to have the tooth pulled. To prepare himself for the ordeal he took some liberal doses of whisky and then sought out the dentist. The pain of the tooth, combined with the whisky, had put him in a pretty nervous state, and to quiet him the dentist put him up in an operating chair and put a big tumbler of whisky on the table beside him.

"When you are ready, call me," he said. "I have some work to do in the next room."

Half an hour later the dentist looked in and asked:

"Are you ready?"

"Not yet, doctor," replied the patient.

Another half hour went by, and the doctor tried again, but the patient still wanted more time.

Half an hour or so after that the dentist looked in again, and the patient had gone. So had the whisky. The young man had finished the last of it and still found that he had not enough nerve to undergo the ordeal, so he had quietly got down from the chair, secured his hat and sneaked out.

But that is merely an illustration of what fear of a dentist will make a man do.—Chicago Herald.

VENTILATION FOR EVERYBODY.

The Only Method by Which All Kinds of Cranks Can Be Satisfied.

One of the greatest difficulties met with in ventilating public buildings and railway cars is to settle the question of how much air shall be admitted or how often the entire cubic contents of an apartment shall be renewed. This from the fact that in the quantity of air required individuals vary greatly. To some the whole ocean of the atmosphere is inadequate, and they do not feel even comfortable unless a Niagara of air is pouring over them.

This is the fresh air fiend, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to give way to the other. One smother, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

The only compromise that we can think of that would answer and make ventilation of public rooms a success is to provide an automatic system which shall be variable in different parts of the same room. These parts should be supplied with traps in the floor and have, say, a six second fan blower beneath each trap and be accessible only to fresh air fiends of both sexes.

In the other parts a dead air space, approaching a vacuum, should be maintained, into which a little sulphuric acid hydrogen should be injected periodically in order to obtain all the phenomena of bad ventilation for persons of inferior health who are compelled to travel. Then every one would be satisfied—the plan worked!—Engineer.

Professional Etiquette.

The following is told of the late Sir William Gull as illustrating the doctor's maxim that it is necessary before all else that the patient shall have confidence in his medical adviser.

Being called in haste to a patient under the care of a very young practitioner, Sir William found that brandy and water was being given at intervals, with certain other treatment. The great physician carefully examined the patient and said, "Give him another spoonful of brandy."

He then retired to a private room with the young doctor in charge.

"It is a case of so and so," he said as soon as the door was closed. "You shouldn't have given brandy on any account."

"But," said the junior practitioner in amazement, "I thought, Sir William, that you just told the nurse to give him another spoonful."

"So I did," said the great man, "because we must not destroy his confidence in you, or he'll never feel comfortable or believe anything you tell him again."—London Truth.

A Little Too Late.

Miss Fadd.—The meanness of some people is past comprehension.

"—Fadd.—What has gone wrong, my love?"

Miss Fadd.—Last week I was elected an active member of the Young Ladies' Philanthropy club, and I began my ministrations by taking a basket of cold victuals to a poor woman whose name was down on the books. Well, when I got there, I found that some meddlesome busybody had been there two weeks ago and given her work, and I had to carry all that stuff back.—New York Weekly.

He Spoke Too Soon.

"I have heard it said, Miss Emma, that a kiss without love tastes like an egg without salt. Is that true?"

"I don't know—I really cannot—I have never in my life!"

"Come now, Miss Emma!"

"Eaten an egg without salt."—Dilemma.

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